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KERRANG!

For madmen only

**OZZY
OSBOURNE!**
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PIC BY ROSS HALLFIN

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MOTORWAY



PICS BY GEORGE BODNAR

"2..4..6..8.. you're never too late." PETE WAY and EDDIE CLARKE discuss their eternal youth as well as new projects with HOWARD JOHNSON.

THE unholy alliance with a Twisted streak! It's hard to imagine a grosser conglomeration of musos combining in an attempt to whip up the rock 'n' roll hordes with a dynamic brand of hard rock, and the results could be nothing less than staggering!

Like two lost and lonely hearts, Edward Clarke and Peter Way were brought together by well-known marriage guidance counsellor and Agony Uncle Dee Snider during the couple's recent involvement with a certain rock band from New York named Twisted Sister, and a marriage (strictly hetero) born in heaven — or hell — was the result.

Lonely hearts? 'Fraid so, because after taking the stage with two of Britain's most respected HM bands, UFO and Motorhead, Pete and Eddie decided they'd had enough. Splits among people who've long been close are often less than amicable and the situation is little different here. Eddie in particular is openly bitter:

"The whole business came to a head with the 'Stand By Your Man' single with the Plasmatics. I was handling the production and the song was simply trash! It was nothing like the disc we made with Girlschool. That had a bit of fire and was a genuinely exciting crossover of two styles, but this piece was totally lacking in inspiration. It had no life and was just a speeded-up version of the original. The girl hasn't got a

good voice but I did the best I could with her and I still wasn't happy. Eventually I said that if they carried on with it, I'd have to leave.

"Of course Lemmy said: 'Go ahead then', because he's like that. He tried to explain that it was a joke! Well I ain't been playin' guitar for 14 years to go and record a joke. We worked f—kin' hard to get to the position where we had a little army of Motorhead fans and I wasn't gonna do that to 'em. If the record comes out they should have little stickers on them warning that it's a joke and they should charge half-price for it because after all, it is a 'joke'!

"Even before the single we were having problems though. I wasn't at all happy with 'Iron Fist' as an album. I produced it so I can't really comment on that but the songs and the playing weren't as good as they should have been. You can actually hear pieces on the record which are saved by the skin of their teeth!

"Lemmy simply didn't want to have a long blast. During the rehearsals for the album it was an effort to get him to pick up his bass. When he did we'd play for 10 minutes and then have a 20 minute break and the amount of occasions that Phil and I ended up blasting away on our own was ridiculous!"

Pete nods sagely and swigs on another brandy (was it?), surreptitiously nabbed from the well-stocked drinks cabinet in his

publicist's office, before proffering his own confessions as to his split with UFO:

"I wanted to play something with a lot more aggression. Things were going the wrong way with UFO and I really didn't like 'Mechanix' because it wasn't what we should've been doing — the saxes and the like."

So when did you finally tell the band you were off?

"Well, I haven't spoken to them since I left! I phoned the manager four weeks ago to let him know that I'd had enough and I haven't heard from anyone after that. The situation was that I hadn't officially left UFO, I was just keeping an eye open for things, but then I met Eddie down the Marquee one night and we bummed around for a couple of weeks getting drunk!"

Eddie: "It was a good thing we did that because we got to know each other socially. When we finally came to jam it wasn't a case of wanting to prove to each other that we could play this or that, it was simply playing and enjoying it."

"It was really exciting," confirms Pete, "we jammed away for four hours and loved every minute of it. We're both really enjoying ourselves by getting back to basics. We sat at my place the other day with some crappy practice amps and really got off, giving it all this (shakes his head violently). It's a good feeling . . . and when we played with Topper we kinda looked at

each other and laughed, it was so good."

Topper?! Now that's another intriguing story which shouldn't surprise anyone who knows these two affable loons.

"People were surprised when they heard the tapes of what we did with him," continues Pete. "They liked the music and always asked who the drummer was. When we told them it was Topper Headon they couldn't believe it, saying 'he's the one who was in the Clash and did all that stuff like 'Rock The Casbah''. He's lying down with his face in the dirt somewhere, isn't he?' But he was totally together — the complete opposite! He's actually a very good drummer and he won't have any problems finding work."

I gather from this that he won't be joining the band as a full-timer.

Eddie: "That's right. I think it was a combination of him being too soft for us and us being too loud for him!"

No compromise on the noise level then?

"Definitely not, though we're not going for any loudest band tag. I never used to like it when people talked about a Motorhead gig and said: 'That really hurt! We want to be loud but in a way that'll hit you in the gut rather than slice your ears off!'"

"I play louder than Lemmy anyway," claims Pete, "but my loudness is a clean loudness, not fuzzy like Lemmy's bass, and

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thus it's an enjoyable loudness. There'll be no acoustic interlude and no keyboards. We'll be a four-piece powerful rock band."

"The first guy to come along and start playing an acoustic piece for us will end up with his nice little classical guitar smashed over his head," adds Eddie, more graphically! "We want to take the very best of what we contributed to our respective bands and add something fresh. Much as I admire and respect some of the groups today, they don't seem to have the special magic that belonged to the likes of Cream. Bands such as Saxon do what they do very well indeed but it's all been done before. We think that we complement each others' style."

Pete agrees: "I've obviously played with some very highly rated guitarists in my time and despite some of the things that have been said about Eddie, I rate him as highly as Michael Schenker and Paul Chapman, who are both excellent guitar

players. It was just that he never had the chance to expand his style within the format of Motorhead."

Already the mumblings and the rumours are rife of another Heavy Metal supergroup in the offing and this must only be regarded as natural when the names involved are Way and Clarke, two monikers hardly unknown in the world of Metallurgy. The duo certainly don't rule out the possibility of known faces eventually occupying the drum stool and vocalist's mike, but discovering new talent would seem the prime objective.

"When Jimmy Page left the Yardbirds and set about getting his own band together, he came up with incredible new faces in Robert Plant and John Bonham," continues Pete. "He proved that it can be done so that's what we're looking for. Enthusiasm is what's needed — we don't want to pay someone £500 a week to play in our band when we're

earning £100 a week. They should actually want to play with us. We're not looking for a stereotyped hard rock screecher, which is what everyone seems to be doing these days. We don't want a Rob Halford-style singer, we want someone with a lot of soul and a style of his own."

A recent rumour that had sent a fair buzz ringing through the hyper-active *Kerrang!* offices was that Robin Zander, lead warbler with American pop heavies Cheap Trick, had been asked to assume vocalist duties. Now that is an interesting proposition. Imagine the combined force of Way and Clarke fronted by the talent of Zander, a man who can be brutal one minute ('I Want You' from Trick's latest is a perfect example), then switch to a soothing piece of smooch like 'Voices' the next.

"He would be excellent and we'd like him at least to come over and give it a shot," nods Pete. "But he's obviously heavily

involved with Trick and the contractual hassles would be great. We haven't completely given up hope on him but things are moving slowly just now."

Working with Twisted Sister would appear to have revived this duo's appetite for rock 'n' roll. The New Yorkers genuine enthusiasm for what they are doing is indeed infectious, as anyone who has met them will attest, and Pete and Eddie obviously enjoyed their liaison with the band.

"We both jammed along with Sister and enjoyed doing so," says Pete. "They are a very, very good hard rock band and it was nice to see them go down well at the Marquee because, producing their album, I'd put my reputation on the line for them."

"I played on one album track called 'Tear It Loose'," adds Eddie, "but I wasn't too happy with it at the time. When I heard the final mix though, I thought the combination of my guitar and



Jay Jay's sounded mighty impressive. Having said that, however, I think that Twisted Sister are just a very good rock band and we want to go for something slightly different. Sister have been very, very lucky in that they've immediately won the press over, getting front covers.

"Maybe we're over confident and it could be too early to start doing interviews but we feel that we're giving it our best shot. When you're up on stage playing, you feel that people are watching you but we want everyone to think that we're so good that we don't feel those eyes any more. We're aiming to send a shiver

down people's spines. We want them to think: 'f--kin hell, that's amazing!'

"We're going to introduce a little melody but it will be basically a power thing. We believe in what we're doing and we hope that the kids will appreciate our efforts. What's more, it's gonna be no 'rock 'n'

roll business band'. We'll play for as long as we want and as long as we can last the pace. After all, we've been in the business a few years now and we're not youngsters y'know, even if we are young enough to remember what real rock 'n' roll is all about!"

I for one won't argue with that!

MAYHEM!

HOLLYWOOD

A QUICK chorus of 'I'm so bald with the U.S.A.'. According to our spies, newly-wed and newly-weighty (a good 10lbs on the old Oz belly after that nice Hawaii honeymoon) **Ozzy Osbourne** is "quite bald" and "happy as a lark" about it.

Looking more like a computer expert than a headbanger these days, Ozzy chopped the famous straggly locks off, he told *Kerrang!* 'cause he fancied "something new".

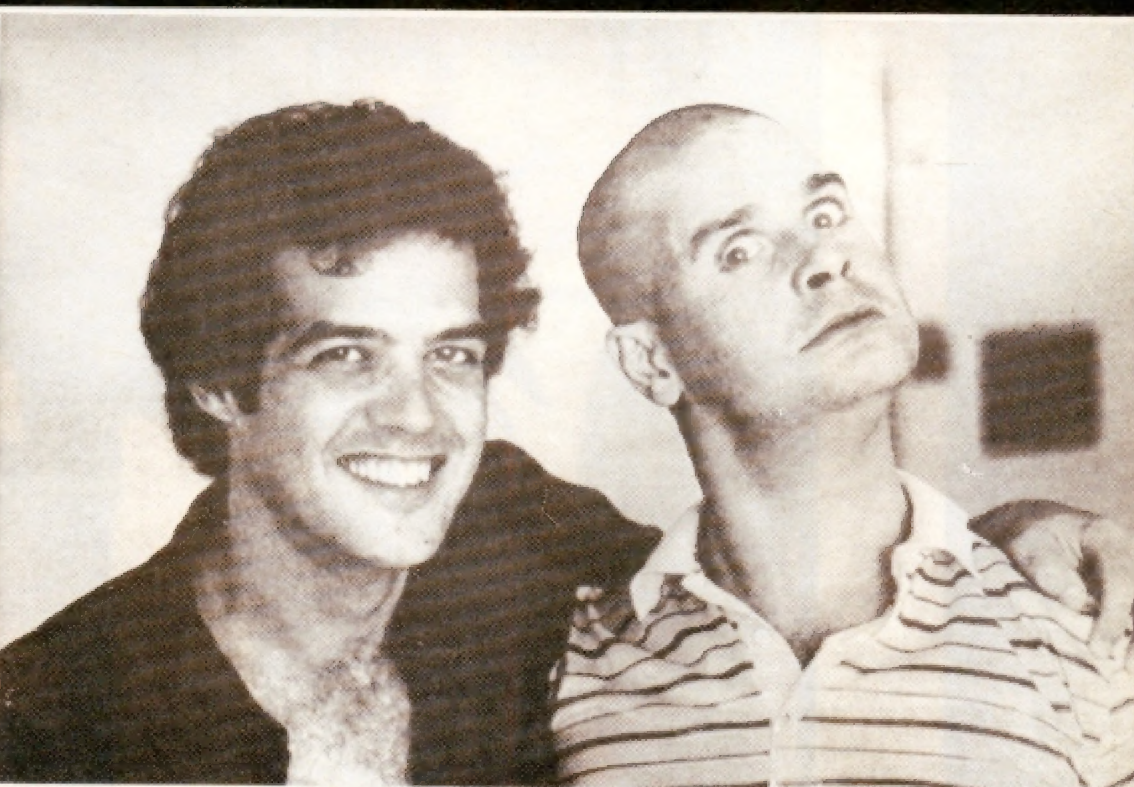
In fact he likes the look so much he might even keep it; you never know, he might get asked by Wilkinson Sword to do an ad for them. Back from the last leg of a phenomenally successful US tour — the locks came off in New Orleans, because he thought it was a good place "to let my hair down" — he's spending his time in an L.A. studio mixing an album for a late October release.

It'll be a live affair, dedicated to Rachel and Randy who died in the plane crash, with liner notes written by Ozzy and — we hear — a couple of genuine tour backstage passes for future use slipped into a couple of lucky buyers' copies. The Oz is pictured above with radio producer Phil Harvey following an interview.

Genesis were just having a quiet drink backstage at the L.A. Forum Club after two nights of sold-out 18,000-seater shows when who should breeze in in his best togs but **Rod Stewart** with **Alana** in tow. Did we really overhear them say something about **Phil Collins** doing an **Abba** with Mrs S?!. Incidentally, now Rod's back, so's Sunday football with the Brits down in West L.A. Rod's team won last weekend and went on a beano around posh Beverly Hills.

Queen have been drinking and partying and sleazebagging their way through the States with verve and vigour rarely seen in these boring parts nowadays. I mean, even notorious hard-tourers hard-livers **REO Speedwagon** only go back to their hotel after a show and have a few games of tennis! There was a huge backstage bash at Queen's New York show, with mud-wrestlers, strippers and boys in g-strings entertaining the sudden liggers along the lines of **Andy Warhol** (the filthy rich trendy who designed the new **Billy Squier** album sleeve) and **Meat Loaf** and his amusing crew of biker bodyguards.

In Washington, Freddie and the boys partied till noon the next day, having drinking contests with cuddly **Elton John**, in Philadelphia they were guests of honour at the notorious Black Banana (we won't go into that...!) and in Boston they hung



LY NYRD SKINHEAD? Nope, it's our Ozzie (see first item)

out at local clubs with members of the **Cars** — and the Mayor still gave them the key to the city! Queen's got a Yank keyboardist on this tour, an LA musician called **Fred Mandel** who's played with (watch it!) **Alice Cooper**, **Cheap Trick** and **Pink Floyd**.

WE'VE HAD the "Lock up your Sons" tour by **Girlschool**. We've had the "Lock up your Daughters" tour by **Motorhead**. And now, courtesy of **Van Halen**, we have the first American "Lock Up Your Sheep" tour! At least that was the headline in some obscure Midwestern rural local paper announcing that Davey and the boys were heading that way.

Now how could people think bad thoughts about such clean-living guys as these? They even had a party the other night — hosted by squeaky-clean **Valerie**, wife of **Eddie** — to celebrate the lousy axe-job review their album got in *Rolling Stone* magazine. Valerie, who's beginning to get the right idea, reckoned if a bunch of boring old f**ts such as the *Stone* writers were to actually like the band, that would be cause for alarm.

THE NEW **Journey** album will be harder rock — "angrier music" according to nice-guy new boy **Jonathan Cain**, the former **Babys** keyboard player. As he does a lot of the writing, he should know. They're working on the record right now, putting paid to

rumours that singer **Steve Parry** is sick in hospital.

THE LONG-AWAITED (well I'm sure some people are) **Aerosmith** album is out next month. Among the usual Tyler-type songs as "Jailbait", watch out for a cover of the unlikely "Cry Me A River". Talking of weeping, **Alice Cooper's** wrenching new album, due around the same time, is titled "Zipper Catches Skin". *Kerrang!* has always approved of honesty in rock.

RUSH's new record is finished. It's called 'Signals', it's out in September and songs include 'Countdown', 'Digital Man' and 'Subdivision'. No surprises there.

ON HIS one-man crusade to block attempts to ban guns in America (he was on the box just the other night quoting statistics of how places with gun-control have worse crime than spots where pistol-toting rednecks roam the streets) **Ted Nugent** has been giving **The Rockets** a few tips on how to shoot. The band got to meet the Gonz and his formidable arsenal of weapons when they shared a studio with him recently (one lot recorded days while the other recorded nights).

SHOCK NEWS #1: **Pat Benatar** is a **Billy Idol** fan. We caught her smiling gleefully throughout his entire horrendous show at the Roxy. Shock news #2: **Stevie Nicks** is going to sing a duet with **Sting** of the **Police**.

SIGNED, sealed and disinterred: Warner Brothers have just resigned the late **Jimi Hendrix** to a five-year contract. When the previous one expired, the company got in touch with the people that handle Hendrix's estate, and they agreed to the cryptic terms. Incidentally, Jimi's been with Warners four times longer as a corpse than he was as a living legend.

PHIL MOGG may have called them prostitutes but there's no happier hookers around: **Van Halen's** "Diver Down" album has just gone platinum — without them even having to bother to go out on tour to plug it. That makes five platinum LPs out of five for Davey and the boys.

REO SPEEDWAGON are huge in the States (as in 7 million copies of "Hi Infidelity", their last album, sold) but don't mean much at all in England. They're trying to change that by heading to Britain in December for a major tour.

MANOWAR, American headbanging heroes fronted by ex **Dictators** guitarist **Ross The Boss**, brought the house down in a Chicago club the other day. Literally. Seems the place was more suited to more mellow American hard rockers, and the volume they played at was too much for the old building to take.

LAURA CANYON

It's (not) a Girl...

GIRL have finally broken up **Phillip Lewis**, currently holidaying in Switzerland with his girlfriend has decided not to be available for comment — in fact the band, for all intents and purposes have not split officially — they've just all gone their separate ways?

The split occurred with the simultaneous termination of Girl's Jet contract, and the departure of **Phil Collen** to fill a vacancy with **Def Leppard**. **Peter Barnacle** has taken on a short term commitment with legendary rock n roll star **Sacha Distell** — certain sources report that Peter is currently raking in a mere seven hundred quid a week — somewhere around my bank overdraft — but even his future is not entirely certain yet.

Lewis has a number of 'things in the pipeline' but refuses, in no uncertain terms, to speak to the press.

"I can't understand why the press who have largely ignored Girl over the last few years, suddenly want to write about the split — I am not prepared to say anything except that you haven't heard the last of me yet!"

HERE'S a particularly tacky tale from those perpetrators of Fire and Brimstone, **Venom**. Lead singer, **Cronos**, renowned for his impersonations of frogs and other reptilian creatures, was found guilty of disturbing the peace recently, bound over for a year and fined £100.

Apparently, the man, who was less than totally sober needless to say, had been unable to contain himself from pawing the poor, unfortunate females at his local Mecca Centre. He was hastily ejected after numerous complaints to the management and, aided by two fellow rogues-in-arms, proceeded to repeat his revenge on some innocent, unsuspecting campers on a nearby holiday camp, by donating them a sound kicking for their troubles. However, Cronos was given away by the motif etched onto his jacket, **VENOM**, and was brought to his just deserts.

SCORPIONS recently had cause to curse their choice of moniker at a gig in

St Louis, Missouri. Obviously attempting to out-gross the antics of **Ozzy's** rabid following, some clever dick young **Scorpions** sibling decided to offer his heroes a gift. Was it a kiss on the cheek? A big Mac? No. Did he/she send the pressie through the post? Offer it by hand maybe? No way! This clown tossed a jar containing three live **Scorpions** onto the stage, from where said creatures disappeared amongst the PA, never to be seen again. Gloves are the order of the day in the **Scorps** camp as of now.

This was in fact not the only mishap to befall our German friends. **Matthias Jabs** was the unlucky recipient of yet another unwanted gift during the band's recent concert in Beaumont, Texas. This time he received a lighter smack in the eye, hurled by another exuberant supporter, resulting in his needing to wear an eye patch for the next four or five days. Apparently the resulting pirate effect was rather pleasing!

On a more mundane note, the band have been awarded a gold disc for US sales of 'Blackout' exceeding 500,000.

HANOI ROCKS, well 60 per cent of them anyway, were spotted lugging conspicuously at Silverwing's Rock Garden bash. Since the band last set foot on these shores drummer **Gyp Casino** has parted company with the troupe. Guitarist **Andy** 'mine's a triple' **McCoy**, having conned a drink from **Kerrang!**'s man-on-the-spot, explained the reasons behind the drummer's defection: "He wasn't a good drinker!" His replacement is former Dark skin-beater and resident of the Isle-of-Wight, **Razzle**. The band can be seen rehearsing for their up-coming September/October tour in pubs and bars dotted around the capital; the tour will take in an assortment of Health Farms around the nation as the need arises.

EVER WONDERED where the stars go to buy their boots? Ask the likes of **Ritchie Blackmore**, **Lemmy**, **Ian Gillan**, **Blackfoot**, **Ozzy Osbourne**, **Carlos Santana**, **Asia**, **Rose Tattoo**, **Tygers of Pan Tang** and **Praying Mantis** and there is only one answer: **MISTIQUE**. **Mistique** specialises in

hand-made, made-to-order boots and leather jackets. The range is limitless as they can offer you any style in any colour you choose. **Mistique** is run by **Mustafa and Kerrang!** reader **Paul Ireland** from 49-53 Kensington Market, Kensington High St. W8. Tell 'em we sent you, OK?

TRAPEZE, the band that has thrown up such luminaries as **Glenn Hughes** and **Dave Holland**, are now back in the studios after an extended absence recording an album set for release in the USA around October and this side of the Atlantic the following month.

THE MIGHTY WRATHCHILD (who?) descended from the hallowed plains of **Evesham** (where?) to give **Kerrang!** an exclusive interview and pass on their pearls of wisdom to we mere mortals (lucky us, we thought). Leather and spandex thronged, cassette player blaring, they stormed into the **Kerrang!** offices to a wave of indifference which fairly miffed the self-appointed demigods of 'Shock Rock'.

Disclaiming all knowledge of **KISS** or the **Third Reich** the four rug-chested beauties proceeded to decimate toilet walls and reduce the normally tranquil offices of your favourite rag to a seething pile of rubble and loose copy paper (well almost) while simultaneously bound and gagging a helpless journalist before daubing him with **Mary Quant**!! (not an easy task without smudging your make-up, but then they were at least of semi-divine proportions).

Amidst all this carnage an unperturbed Editor **Alf Martin** was heard to enquire "What's going on here?"

"We are the **Mighty Wrathchild**!!!" they intoned solemnly before releasing our luckless, now quivering hack, "Come again?"

They did... **PHONOGRAM Records Club**. Promotion Manager **Jeff Young** is at present compiling a mailing list for **Heavy Metal D.J.s**. Bona-fide jocks who would like to be considered for inclusion on the list should write to **Jeff** at **Phonogram**, 50 New Bond Street, London W1, as soon as possible, giving full work details.

TOUR NEWS

WISHBONE ASH return to the road over the next two months playing **Southend Cliffs Pavilion** September 21, **Guildford City Hall** 22, **Gloucester Leisure Centre** 23, **Hull City Hall** 24, **Preston Guildhall** 25, **Sunderland Empire Theatre** 27, **Ashton Under Lyne Tameside Theatre** 28, **Sheffield Lyceum** 29, **St Albans City Hall** October 1, **Margate Winter Gardens** 3, **Worthing Assembly Rooms** 6, **Bradford St Georges Hall** 7, **London Dominion Theatre** 8, **Chippinham Rock Theatre** 9, **Croydon Fairfield Halls** 10, **Norwich Theatre Royal** 11.

Following this the band leave to tour Europe and the States. A new album is being finalised at **Jimmy Page's** studios entitled 'Twin Barrels Burning' which it is hoped will be ready for release before the tour commences.

PALLAS, the Glasgow Progressive Rock band, will be promoting their re-released single 'Arrive Alive' at the following dates **Aberdeen** the **Venue** September 16, **Glasgow Dial Inn** 18 and **London Marquee** 22.

SARACEN have gigs at the **Scarborough Taboo Club** September 23, and **Yeovil Rainbow Club** October 1.

DUMPY'S RUSTY BOLTS plan gigs at **Palmers Green Cock Hotel** October 7 and **Lee Green Old Tigers Head** 21. The band can also be seen supporting the **Blues Band** until October 3. Expect the new single 'Box Hill' out soon on **Cool King Records** to coincide with the tour.

T34, a three piece East End HR band, headline the **London Embassy Club** September 28 and should have a single out next month.

WRATHCHILD, who describe themselves as "Shockrok Scrotum Shagheads" (more like a bunch of pansies, to us — staff) continue their nationwide 'Lipstick Killers' tour by playing the **Worcester Hoppe Pole** September 23 and **Cambridge Rock Club** 25.

LA HOOKER play the **Oxford Penny Farthing** September 9, **Milton Keynes Gladiators Club** 17 and **Gravesend Red Lion** 25. In the meantime the band have been busy recording a single.

INTERNATIONAL HEROES, who release their second single 'Good Times' b/w 'International Heroes' at the end of last month, play the following dates as part of their 'Great British Blood 'n' Thunder' tour: **Birmingham Golden Eagle** September 9, **Northwich Pillar of Salt** 10, **Oundle Victoria Halls** 11, **Lincoln Alexanders** 17, **St Helens Royal Raven Hotel** 18, **Whitefield Masons Arms** 19, **Rochdale Wheatstall Hotel** 20, **Leamington Spa Crown Hotel** 23, **Dorking Rock Club** 24, **Christchurch Jumpers Tavern** 25, **Birkenhead Sir James Club** 27, **Sheffield The Penguin** 30.

STATIC, featured in 'Armed and Ready' of **Kerrang!** 19, will be promoting their debut single 'Voice On The Line' released next month at the following gigs: **Kingston Grey Horse** October 4, **Southall Heads Club** 14 and **Yeovil Rainbow Club** 15.

CYRKA, who recently completed a support tour with **Grand Prix** and were featured in **Kerrang!** 22, play a series of dates over the next few months. They play **Leeds Peel Hotel** 17, **Halifax Whitley Centre** 20, **Sheffield Penguin Hotel** 30, **Halifax Leisure Centre** October 8, **Bradford Queens Hall** 15, **Blackpool JR's** 16, **Bradford George Hotel** November 2, **Huddersfield White Lion** 3, **Burnley Bankhall Miners** 14.



FRANK MARINO (above) failed to qualify in Canada's **Grand Nationals** this year, meaning he won't get to enter his customized black Dodge dragster, "The Mahogany Rush" (pictured above), in the racing competition. He's going to try again in September, taking time off a tour underway to promote the new "Juggernaut" album.

The official HM charts, specially compiled ★ for Kerrang!
from a nationwide survey of 50 specialist shops

SINGLES

1 1 EYE OF THE TIGER **Survivor** Scotti Brothers



- 2 - LIVING FOR THE CITY **Gillan** Virgin
- 3 3 YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER THING COMIN' **Judas Priest** CBS
- 4 2 RUFF CUTS **Twisted Sister** Secret
- 5 4 LOSING MY GRIP **Samson** Polydor
- 6 18 ROLL THE DICE **Heavy** Petting Neat
- 7 9 FREEBIRD **Lynyrd Skynyrd** MCA
- 8 5 WHO'S GONNA WIN THE WAR **Hawklords** Flicknife
- 9 - HIGHWAY SONG **Blackfoot** Atco
- 10 - BLOOD LUST **Venom** Neat
- 11 13 PARANOID **Black Sabbath** Nems
- 12 ROCKY MOUNTAIN WAY **Joe Walsh** MCA
- 13 6 IF YOU WANT MY LOVE **Cheap Trick** CBS
- 14 WHO'S CRYING NOW **Journey** CBS
- 15 12 SPEND THE NIGHT **Cheetah** CBS
- 16 - ONLY TIME WILL TELL **Asia** Geffen
- 17 20 BADGE **Cream** RSO
- 18 NEW WORLD MAN **Rush** Mercury
- 19 11 RENDEZVOUS **Tygers Of Pan Tang** MCA
- 20 8 FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK (WE SALUTE YOU) **AC/DC** Atlantic
- 21 HOT LOVE IN THE CITY **Rox** Teen Teeze
- 22 10 CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU **Scorpions** Harvest
- 23 SILVER MACHINE **Hawkwind** Bronze
- 24 AXE CRAZY **Jaguar** Neat
- 25 15 REFUGE **Tom Petty** MCA
- 26 7 HEAT OF THE MOMENT **Asia** Geffen
- 27 30 DEAD WHEN IT COMES TO LOVE **Warrior** Neat
- 28 16 YOU KEEP ME HANGIN' ON **Rods** Arista
- 29 17 CRIMSON AND CLOVER **Joan Jett & The Blackhearts** Epic
- 30 14 AMERICAN WOMAN **Krokus** Arista

IMPORT ALBUMS

- 1 IN TRANSIT **Saga** Polydor
- 2 SPYS **Spys** EMI America
- 3 BEER DRINKERS **Motorhead** Milan
- 4 U.S. METAL VOLUME TWO **Various**
- 5 GET IT ON CREDIT **Toronto** A&M
- 6 TOO FAST FOR LOVE **Motley Crue** Leathur
- 7 IN FOR THE COUNT **Balance** Portrait
- 8 WARNING **Warning** Polygram
- 9 MOTORHEAD KIT — 5 TRACK 12in — **Motorhead** Mercury
- 10 ONE FALSE MOVE **Harlequin** Columbia

ALBUMS

1 1 EYE OF THE TIGER **Survivor** Scotti Brothers



- 2 - ROUGH DIAMONDS **Bad Company** Swansong
- 3 10 THE JIMI HENDRIX CONCERTS **Jimi Hendrix** CBS
- 4 - THE CAGE **Tygers Of Pan Tang** MCA
- 5 1 PICTURES AT ELEVEN **Robert Plant** Swansong
- 6 25 BATTLEHYMNS **Manowar** Liberty
- 7 2 SCREAMING FOR VENGEANCE **Judas Priest** CBS
- 8 7 JUGGERNAUT **Frank Marino** CBS
- 9 13 ASIA **Asia** Geffen
- 10 - LIVE IN LONDON **Deep Purple** Harvest
- 11 40 THE EAGLE HAS LANDED (Picture Disc) **Saxon** Carrere
- 12 9 POWERPLAY **April Wine** Capitol
- 13 5 EMOTIONS IN MOTION **Billy Squier** Capitol
- 14 12 THE UNEXPECTED GUEST **Demon** Carrere
- 15 4 WILD DOGS **Rods** Arista
- 16 19 LIVE AT THE ROUNDHOUSE **Pink Fairies** Big Beat
- 17 - IN TRANSIT **Saga** Polydor Import
- 18 - ESCAPE **Journey** CBS
- 19 6 NUGENT **Ted Nugent** Atlantic
- 20 8 GOOD TROUBLE **REO Speedwagon** CBS
- 21 11 ALDO NOVA **Aldo Nova** CBS
- 22 15 SPYS **Spys** EMI America Import
- 23 28 PLANETS **Eloy** Heavy Metal
- 24 24 THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST **Iron Maiden** EMI
- 25 - THE WILD ONES **Cockney Rejects** Arena
- 26 17 BEER DRINKERS **Motorhead** Milan Import
- 27 20 FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK (WE SALUTE YOU) **AC/DC** Atlantic
- 28 - HEAVY METAL THUNDER **Various** Carrere
- 29 23 VINYL CONFESSIONS **Kansas** Kirshner
- 30 14 ONE ON ONE **Cheap Trick** CBS
- 31 27 III WISHES **Shooting Star** Virgin
- 32 16 GOLD AND PLATINUM **Lynyrd Skynyrd** MCA
- 33 21 U.S. METAL VOLUME TWO **Various** Import
- 34 38 BLACKOUT **Scorpions** Harvest
- 35 29 GET IT ON CREDIT **Toronto** A&M Import
- 36 18 KILLERS **Kiss** Casablanca
- 37 22 TOO FAST FOR LOVE **Motley Crue** Leathur Import
- 38 - IN FOR THE COUNT **Balance** Portrait Import
- 39 34 DEATH IN THE NURSERY **Legend** Workshop
- 40 - STEEL CRAZY **Various** Abstract

* Charts compiled by MR/B

KERRANG!

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THE HATCHET JOB

GILLAN'S 7-UP

WELCOME TO the first fact finding column. The highest new entry on the current Kerrang! singles chart is Gillan's 'Living For The City' (previously a hit for its composer — Stevie Wonder). In terms of the group's general chart performance (as opposed to the new HM charts) Gillan have notched up seven hits on the singles scene, listed here in order of success:

- 1) New Orleans March 1981
 - 2) Trouble October 1980
 - 3) Restless February 1982
 - 4) No Laughing In Heaven June 1981
 - 5) Nightmare October 1981
 - 6) Mutually Assured Destruction February 1981
 - 7) Sleepin' On The Job June 1980
- Between them, the three main splinter groups left over from the Deep Purple split in July 1976 — Whitesnake, Gillan and Rainbow — have achieved no less than 23 hit singles in six years with 'Living For The City' due to make it 24. The top 10 most successful of these are, again in order:
- 1) I Surrender — Rainbow 1981
 - 2) All Night Long — Rainbow 1980
 - 3) Since You've Been Gone — Rainbow 1979
 - 4) New Orleans — Gillan 1981
 - 5) Fool For Your Loving — Whitesnake 1980
 - 6) Trouble — Gillan 1980
 - 7) Don't Break My Heart Again — Whitesnake 1981
 - 8) Can't Happen Here — Rainbow 1981
 - 9) Restless — Gillan 1982
 - 10) No Laughing In Heaven — Gillan 1981

From the Kerrang! album chart, the Tygers Of Pan Tang enter strongly at number four with current favourite of the critics — 'The Cage'. This compares favourably with a Top 20 entry on the national chart and looks likely to achieve greater sales than the band's previous best LP efforts, both from 1981, when 'Spellbound' achieved a four week stay on the national chart, peaking at number 33, and 'Crazy Nights' stayed for only three weeks reaching number 51.

There only single, previous to 'Rendezvous' (currently standing at 19 on the Kerrang! singles chart) to gain national chart status was 'Hellbound' from February of last year which reached a meagre 48. With a new single 'Paris By Air' currently bubbling under the HM chart, Tygers Of Pan Tang's fortunes would appear to be on the ascent. More frolicking facts next issue. LUKE CRAMPTON

SAXON'S LOT

Saxon Discography

SINGLES:

Carrere CAR 118 Big Teaser JULY 1979



TYGERS OF PAN TANG: at No 4 in the album chart with 'The Cage'

Carrere CAR 129 Backs To The Wall OCTOBER 1979
 Carrere CAR 165 Suzie Hold On AUGUST 1980
 Carrere CAR 143 Wheels Of Steel MARCH 1980
 Carrere CAR 151 747 (Strangers In The Night)
 Carrere HM 5 Big Teaser/Rainbow Theme JUNE 1980 (Re-issue and double A-side)
 Carrere HM 6 Backs To The Wall JUNE 1980 (Re-issue)
 Carrere CAR 170 Strong Arm Of The Law NOVEMBER 1980
 Carrere CAR 180 And The Bands Played On APRIL 1981
 Carrere CAR 204 Never Surrender JULY 1981
 Carrere CAR 208 Princess Of The Night OCTOBER 1981
 Carrere CAR 242 Heavy Metal Thunder MAY 1982

ALBUMS:

Carrere CAL 110 Saxon NOVEMBER 1978
 Carrere CAL 115 Wheels Of Steel APRIL 1980
 Carrere CAL 120 Strong Arm Of The Law NOVEMBER 1980
 Carrere CAL 128 Denim And Leather SEPTEMBER 1981
 Carrere CAL 137 The Eagle Has Landed (Live) MAY 1982

(When they originally signed for Carrere the official group name was Son Of A Bitch. A new studio album is due in August 1982).

THE MICHAEL SCHENKER GROUP



CHRIS GLEN

GRAHAM BONNET

MICHAEL SCHENKER

TED McKENNA

NEW SINGLE—DANCER



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JES' A BRIEF INTRO DEPT
(PLEASE ALLOW ME TO
INTRODUCE MYSELF
SECTION)

RIGHT HQ! To fully comprehend this singles page, one should at least be initiated to Toots' idea of what rock and roll (or Rockin' Thunder) is, because there are some choices in this and recent reviews that may have astounded/puzzled or simply annoyed you. The thing is, ever since I shed my school skin and started my full time romance dance with R-O-C-K, I have found it much harder to define my actual standpoint because of this seemingly constant need of direction and identification people seem to crave.

I love music with energy.

Music that doesn't dictate my outside appearance or inside opinions. Music that ain't like supermarket shopping — with labels and directions.

Music that is either played with naive aggression or sophisticated flair. It has to always be an honest reflection of a musician's abilities. From ZZ Top to Iggy Pop. Asia to Y&T.

Music: Rock 'n' roll, Hard/Melodic/Brutal/Atmospheric.

Of course any conflicting opinions of this interpretation will be welcome. Open minds — open doors. I honestly believe that this paper attracts the most sincere, open minded people as opposed to that dancefloor fashion clique that would wear their bloody albums if they could and it was IN.

You people seem to be willing to entertain anything that is capable of entertaining you.

If you think this intro sucks, tell me, it's just something that had to

SINGLES!!

REVIEWED BY
TOOTS DALEY

be alleviated from this hack's furrowed brow.

So, it's 'heads down and no nonsense boogie' as we proceed to verbally rummage through the pile before me (in particular order) and we start off with:

SPIDER: 'Rock 'n' Roll Will Forever Last' (RCA). Real bonus single package deal. I would desperately like to like this lot because they work bloody hard and now it's suddenly become cool amongst critiques (he said scornfully) to just mindlessly pull them apart, just for the sake of some callous literary exercise. I don't regard myself as an arselicker when I say they do what they do well and, like their mentors (although judging from interviews even a vague comparison would be adamantly denied) Le Quo, they are a true peoples band (maaaan). Complete with the dreaded hummalongriffsonfortyfive medley — I can't stand it, but I can't justifiably knock it.

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS: 'Bits Of Kids' (Chrysalis). No, they're not really punks, definitely not in the Total Noise cat. (sic). If

anything, SLF carry the torch with the spirit of bands like the late Hot Rods, except this mob are more dynamic, aggressive and distinguished than the Canvey Island Crazy Gang. Like their background, this is on the tough side that comes from having a history that makes up your future (they're Irish), more subtle than any predecessor; the melody and build-up reveals maturity — they have a future.

TYGERS OF PAN TANG: 'Paré By Air' (MCA). Oh Dear!

After literally frothing at the gills with enthusiasm for their latest album, the Tygers (or Record Company) have to go ahead and release a track that sounds totally bland, pointless, superficial and pretentious when taken out of the context with the LP (which is definite five star material). Even if this, by some dastardly horrible chance, happened to become a hit, it's not at all representative of the band and will attract the wrong punters, whereas something like 'Making Tracks' or even the 'bohemian rhapsody' of 'The Actor' would have been a much more apt choice. This one's strictly for Cliff Michelmores and Judith Chalmers fans only.

THE MICHAEL SCHENKER GROUP: 'Dancer' (Chrysalis). And here we have it, all the fans' expense, the ultimate proof that the Kute Kraut and his James Dean clone sidekick may be immensely talented in their respective roles on guitar and vocals but totally incapable of writing songs. In fact, when it comes to melodies and lyrics, as with the subject matter of their co-writing partnership, these guys operate with two left feet. Manager Peter Mensch has gone seriously wrong in his Dr. Frankenstein role: OK, usually he couldn't have got two better looking honchos, coming over like close contenders for the star role in Grease 2, Schenker's hair is beginning to develop a life of its own and he looks a bit like a very pretty, blue eyed Eraserhead. So superficially everything's cool, but even the band must know something is wrong. This is a total disaster and the final chapter on MSG as far as I'm concerned.

PLEASE RE-RELEASE ME, LET ME GO DEPT HAWKWIND: 'Silver Machine' (RCA).

J. GIELS: 'Love Stinks' (EMI).

CREAM: 'Badge' (Polydor).

JOE WALSH: 'Rocky Mountain Way' (MCA). How many times are the corporate necrophiliacs going

to dig up 'Silver Machine'? Surely anyone into this majestic dirge must possess a copy and if it's your initiation to the band then it will be your first and last buy. Seems that the company have milked dry, or should I say overexposed, any further potential hits from 'Freeze Frame' so they've taken one step back with a track that this suspect household felt should have been a hit first time round. As for Cream, gosh, if I could get my hands on certain record companies back catalogue it would be great to release a series of songs as good as this. There are fans out there probably getting their first taste of this vintage material. Howabout a Mountain EP next? I regard the splendidly packaged 12in Joe Walsh picture disc as more of an ornament than a return trip for the voice box showcase. ECO (For Collectors Only).

STAMPEDE: 'Days Of Wine And Roses' (Polydor). The record company claims that they had to do a rush worldwide signing on this lot due to heavy competition. Well, the A&R opposition can sleep in peace because judging by this supposedly representative EP, Rueben's highly ordinary vocals perfectly compliment this trite, pretentious piece of pomp rock which just demonstrates that the Archers learnt a lot more from Wild Horses than they care to admit but don't know how to utilise it. Smartass pompous rock. Bitch. Bitch. Bitch.


THE RODS: 'Too Hot Too Stop EP' (Artista). The cover depicts a thermometer blowing its top, ejecting suggestive white globules and appropriately it's a 12in. Personally I can't abide the Rods music or moronic sense of humour, which I'm sure is a fabrication they're playing up. There's three newly recorded live tracks from their Marquee performance, so it will probably appeal to the hard core contingent.

RANDY CALIFORNIA: 'All Along The Watchtower EP' (Beggars Banquet). Since recuperating like vintage plonk, California has matured and improved with age and gone into creative overdrive. Of course his early personal encounters with the Lordship James Marshall have been responsible for Randy's obsessions and general Hendrixisms which have made the man an easy target for attack. But this guy's no crook and on the title track of this VFM five track EP he has genuinely drawn similar/equal inspiration from Dylan, using the lyricism against an ultra hard rock backdrop giving this chestnut a new lease of life. Rock and roll over California, tell Hansen, Marino and Trower the noos! **PRAYING MANTIS: 'Praying Mantis EP' (Jet).** What the hell is happening to British HM? This sounds like every other American band played on the US's retarded FM stations. Well executed, typically immaculate musicianship, pristine vocalisations. I can't handle it!!! What's more it's bound to be a bloody hit!



Kute, kute, kute.
But do they
make good
records?

JIMI HENDRIX



TWELVE YEARS ago, on September 18, 1970, Jimi Hendrix took an overdose of barbiturates and then choked on his own vomit as a result. The death of this brilliant guitarist was all the more tragic because of his solitude, having split from his band, Experience, and become distanced from his fans by his desire to play Jazz rather than the HM blues that had made his name, classics like 'Purple Haze' and 'Wild Thing'.

Coupled with his 'black-machismo' and explicit sexuality, Hendrix was one of the greatest innovative guitarists, the original 'axe-hero'. Jimi, however, had become trapped by a mythology that had become greater than himself: Jimi died, the mythology lives on. DAVE DICKSON

KROKUS

**Fernando
Von Arb**

PIC BY BOB ELLIOTT

**Marc
Storage**



PIC BY RAY PALMER

KROKUS KRACK

THE BIG APPLE



KROKUS are sick and tired of being branded the poor man's AC/DC — and can you blame them? Over the past couple of years they've been continually labelled as such and lead singer Marc Storace reckons it's high time people stopped dismissing them for attempting to emulate the Aussie rockers.

"We're not trying to sound like them at all," he states emphatically. "People keep accusing us of it but it just isn't true. We've heard it so many times now that it's just like having someone tell you the sky is blue (an odd simile!). And to be quite honest I can't really see the point — it's a complete waste of time."

Our conversation is taking place half an hour before showtime at Washington's Capital Centre, where Krokus are appearing as Special Guests with Rainbow. Storace relaxes in the dressing room sipping a hot lemon drink to soothe his aching larynx and we're shortly joined by guitarist Fernando Von Arb. The axeman is equally keen to quell the AC/DC 'rip-off' accusations.

"When AC/DC first started people compared them to Status Quo. Now look at them — they sell millions of albums and are one of the biggest bands in the world. I just can't understand why people are constantly on about us trying to copy them. I mean if you listen to what Marc is doing and how Brian Johnson sings there's a huge difference."

A good point, but at the same time people have tended to compare Storace with Bon Scott rather than the ex-Geordie singer. How does Marc himself feel about the subject?

"Well, people go on about the similarities between myself and Bon but to me there is a lot of differences in our voices. It's basically superficial criticism. We have our hardcore fans who don't give a shit about what the press says."

"That's right," agrees Fernando. "We've actually got a really good relationship with AC/DC. It's only the press who start things going."

Marc: "When we were in Birmingham doing the last album, their producer Mutt Lange called us up

and asked if they could borrow the studio for a couple of days. We said 'Sure, no problem' and when Malcolm (Young) came round we had a blow together and got on really well."

"The world can take two power bands like us!" declares the guitarist, and that topic of conversation is brought to a close. Thank heavens!

Krokus have actually made a good deal of impact since they first broke onto the international circuit two and a half years ago. My first encounter with the Swiss metal merchants was early in 1980 at a concert in Zurich. Their 'Metal-Rendezvous' LP had recently emerged and was the first to feature the vocal talents of Marc Storace. Krokus has actually been in operation for a number of years but it wasn't until they started going places. Indeed a couple of months after that Zurich gig the band made their inaugural visit to Britain and proved that Switzerland had more to offer than cuckoo clocks and cheese!

The UK has since proved a happy hunting ground for Krokus and their success is made even more remarkable when one considers how hard it is for European acts to break through in Britain. Aside from Krokus, the Scorpions are about the only other continental HM band to crack the market with any conviction.

"We're really happy with the way things have worked out for us in England," Fernando admits, "and that's why a British tour is always such a highlight. The fans are great and our following is growing all the time. We practically sold-out the last tour and that was in all the major halls. It's a shame that we weren't able to play at the Castle Donington festival but we'd have had to cancel a whole string of American dates to do it. Hopefully the fans will forgive us but at least when they see us at the beginning of next year we'll have a new stage show and a brand new album to play."

In the meantime Krokus continue to gig in the United States. They've been on the road there

since the spring touring with the likes of Rush, Cheap Trick, Motorhead and of course Rainbow. It's been an exhausting visit but considering the size of the country the Swiss rockers have had to stay out there to build up a steady following.

Marc: "We've turned this place upside down this year and in terms of mileage it works out that we've gone around the world a couple of times! But things are working out well for us here. When we first played America two years ago we headlined a few small gigs but this time we've been playing all the big places as Special Guests and even headlined a big Colosseum gig in El Paso."

Staying out on the road these days is an expensive business — how have Krokus managed to do it for such a protracted period? "Well, we get a budget and we have to stick within the limits," Storace explains. "At our level, being Special Guests, we don't have to come up with any big productions for the shows like the headliners and so we're in a position where we can actually stay out for quite a long time. The album sales have picked up as a result of our playing so much and in fact 'One Vice' has done really well."

For the record, Krokus are managed by Butch Stone who used to look after Black Oak Arkansas and clearly his smart guidance has steered the band in the right direction, Marc agrees.

"He's been great for us and in fact we've just been down on his farm working on some demos for the next album. The new material is really something to watch out for and I feel that the whole personality of the band is getting stronger. It comes across in the music."

Following our interview Krokus played a rousing set and elicited enthusiastic response from the Washington crowd. Marc's voice was quite incredible and it's a wonder that it has held out with all the touring he's done lately. Has he had any problems?

"The only trouble I had was at the end of the Cheap Trick tour a couple of weeks ago. My throat was getting a bit sore because I'd picked up an infection... from too much French kissing!"

"He's not joking," adds Fernando. "But he was still good and it didn't show at all."

Marc: "Well the others didn't notice, but I did." And with that he departs in search of another hot lemon drink...



STEVE GETT REPORTS FROM WASHINGTON

ARMED & READY

More Heavy Hopeful to watch out for



GRIM REAPER

IF THE name is familiar check out 'Armed And Ready' in Kerrang No. 4. So why feature them again?

Well, the band that bled 'em dry last year have split leaving only guitarist/mentor/songwriter Nick Bowcott, but fans needn't worry, the above description will tell you that he IS Grim Reaper. He has now been joined by Steve Grimmet (vocals and co-writer), Dave Wanklin on bass and drummer Lee Harris who have both been in previous Reaper line-ups.

The most important thing though is the dual attack of the Van Halen-ised, distinctive axework of Bowcott and the searing, not to mention soaring vocals of Grimmet. It's an unbeatable combination, while Bowcott bends and teases his strings Grimmet sends his voice heavenwards, akin to either a Banshee wail or the Firefox taking off — the songwriting is also notably stronger.

A new demo tape has been recorded and they are juggling whether to release the songs in vinyl or tape format. Their last tape, 'Bleed 'Em Dry' clocked up sales around the 500 mark and was immensely successful in the various heavy metal charts for months after its release. Anyone interested in the new tape, up to date info, T-shirts and associated paraphernalia contact either: Nick, 75 Tagwell Road, Droltwich, or Steve, 10 Brook Court, Mitton Way, Tewkesbury.

WAYNE PERKINS

SAM THUNDER

MANCUNIAN MAYHEM has reared its head within the 'Armed & Ready' pages with fair regularity in the many issues since its inception and without wishing to sound unduly biased towards my home town, the fair city of Manchester has produced a couple of fine little outfits in an area of music where the general standard is distressingly poor.

Sam Thunder, formed originally in early 1981, have had to go through the archetypal 'numerous personnel changes' before reaching their present five piece line-up of Rob Naylor (bass), Eddie (rhythm guitar, vocals), Steve Ferguson (lead guitar), Tex Barlow (vocals) and Chris Dadson (drums), and while they do not adhere to the Mancunian 'Shock Rock 'n' Make Up' philosophy of Rox and Silverwing, they most certainly play with panache and more style than most new bands.

Thankfully veering away from the all too prevalent 'Cream, Hendrix, Maiden' influences, Sam Thunder's three track demo tape would seem to have been inspired by Van Halen — hence a Hard Rock sound is heard together with an American sheen, aided and abetted by a liberal sprinkling of tongue-in-cheek humour.

'Always The Pretty One' is a real gem for such a tender band as it features an opening which draws to mind the spoken intro to the studio version of Kiss' 'Detroit Rock City'. The song positively explodes into Rothesque hollerin' 'n' howling from Tex Barlow, who makes up for what he lack in natural talent with an entertaining enthusiasm and uninhibited style. Steve Ferguson's lead is most impressive and combines well with Eddie's rhythm to form interesting harmony guitar play.

'Hot Head' and the instrumental 'Yours For The Taking' are both streets ahead of many bands to walk around contract in hand and things seem rather unfair that they haven't been signed, for with a little training and a better production, Sam Thunder could have some class material on their hands.

Live shows are reportedly no let down and Tex is known to be an exuberant performer, taken to leaping into any lethargic audience to elicit some response! Just what Britain needs. Sam Thunder are not Shock, not Glam, not Pomp, not mindless — simply hard-edged class Rock 'n' Roll.

Contact Sam Thunder at 5 Dunnister Road, Newall Green, Manchester or 'phone (061) 998 6586 or (061) 437 8674.

HOWARD JOHNSON



FURY

SOUTHAMPTON BASED Fury were formed in the summer of 1980. The band quickly built up a small but loyal following along the South Coast and even supported AC/DC in Southampton, gaining themselves more recognition.

Then followed numerous personnel changes. It's taken Fury almost two years to reach the present stable line-up of Rob Drayson (keyboards), John Martin (drums), Bill Padley (vocals), Mark Owers (lead guitar) and his identical twin brother Steve Owers (bass). Much time and money has been spent recording a demo tape which has inevitably been plugged around record companies, receiving a considerable amount of interest. Not surprising as two tracks, 'Lyn' To Me' and 'Broken All The Rules' are very commercial, a direction the band are deliberately aiming. Musicianship is good, as Mark Owers displays some skilful fretwork while the songs are further enhanced by the talent of Rob Drayson, who is classically trained and also deaf, but then so was Beethoven.

Now a series of London dates are planned and the five-piece hope to play 'larger' venues because the amount of gear, incorporating lasers and pyrotechnics has exceeded the cramped conditions of small pubs and clubs. Next stop Hammersmith Odeon?

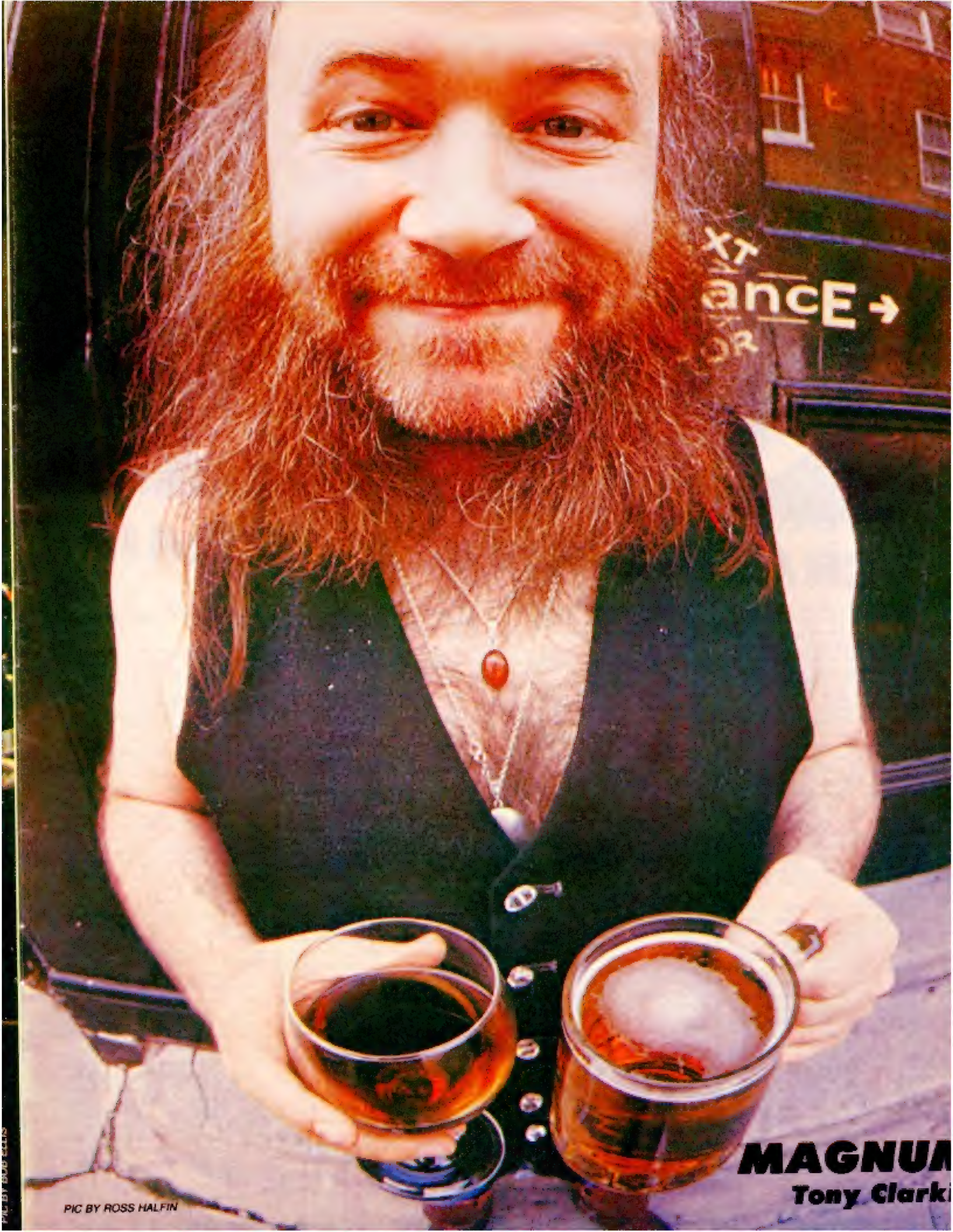
For further information contact: Helen Bradley, Flat 2, Fawley Cottage, Church Lane, Fawley, Southampton SO4 1DL (0703) 891880.

CARMINE BRUDENELL

TOM PETTY

TOM PETTY, who once said "I used to have these soul-searching nights where I'd lie awake and think, 'when it's all over, all you're gonna leave behind is the records'" has entered near-recluse status while finishing his latest album at the Record Plant in L.A. It's been over a year since the arrival of 'Hard Promises' but the new LP should be with us before Christmas, with the possibility of some UK dates to back up its release. No details have been forthcoming from the Petty camp as to its composition nor even whether Stevie Nicks will again guest, and indeed Tom's only venture from the studio of late has been to headline a free-festival in California, but then a new Tom Petty album is usually worth the wait. Let's hope this one is no exception.





X7
entrance →
FOR

MAGNUM
Tony Clark

PIC BY ROSS HALFIN



MAGNUM: with their fire sticks

CHASING THE CRAZY TRAIN

TAKE A sidelong glance at the colour photo of Magnum's Tony Clarkin in regal pose, snapped by a certain Ross Halfin of *No Fixed Abode*, and tell me that these guys aren't crazy! I defy you to maintain that a Stateside tour with Ozzy Osbourne hasn't left the poor boys from Birmingham a little lacking in the cerebral area.

The tell-tale signs are all there — the blazing passion in the eyes, the over-inflated head; both a sure sign of madness (courtesy Dr. Spock). Then there's the constant desire to indulge in the lunatic activity of placing sticks in the mouth and setting fire to them, as in our black and white picture. How can vocalist Bob Catley deny that he's become a member of the lunatic fringe? Just listen:

"Every interview that we ever did while we were in the States would invariably contain the question: 'Are you crazy?', which was more than a little off-putting. Because we were touring with Ozzy people automatically expected us to be of the same temperament, but we're just five normal guys from Birmingham who like to play music. Having to precede Ozzy with his tremendous stage show and lunatic personality was not necessarily the easiest of tasks but the crowd really warmed to us and we went down better than we expected."

Thus, despite all the rumours of dogs' carcasses being thrown onto the stage along with various other obscenities, things have gone well for Magnum, who have

(perhaps) managed to retain their sanity and enjoy themselves aboard the American Crazy Train:

"It was a pleasant change for us to get all the plush treatment for once, riding around in expensive tour buses and staying in flash hotels. It was all quite novel having slogged it out in Britain for so long and we reckon that the experience has broadened our horizons for the future. We can see possibilities for our music elsewhere now and that gives us a new incentive. We were getting into a rut before but a change is as good as a rest as they say!"

They do indeed, and it's interesting to speculate on Magnum's chances of success in the States. There are two conflicting elements within the Magnum make-up, one of which will be to their advantage in Stateside assaults, while the other may well prove a hindrance.

Firstly, Magnum's music has always offered more than a passing nod in the direction of melodic keyboard rock, pioneered by the likes of Kansas and Styx. In short, theirs is the kind of music which has always prospered in America and most likely always will. Secondly, and a possible point of conflict, is that the band simply do not look the part. There are no tight-trousered, hairy chested, macho poutin' posers here, no silky smooth hair flowing in the breeze and definitely no Californian sun-tan (would you have one if you lived in Birmingham?!)

WITH no disrespect intended, Magnum are neither a teenage girl's wet dream, nor a teenage boy's idea of hipness. What does Bob reckon to all this?

"You're right. We didn't purposely set out with a certain kind of image as so many bands do. Maybe we're the only band with no image. We wear what we want and don't try to tart ourselves up to look what we're not."

"What we concentrate on is giving the kids value for money because with the competition in the record industry being what it is, not to mention the fact so many punters are now on the dole, we want to give them something extra. We've done things such as releasing double singles for the price of one, giving free patches away and even pendants with the last single ('The Lights Burned Out'). Things like that aren't much, but they are something. We run a fan club which is totally free as well so it's satisfying to know that we're not ripping anyone off."

The anti-ripoff tradition is being admirably maintained at the moment as, since their return from the States, the band have been hard at work on a new four-track EP. Two of the songs, 'Soldier Of The Line' and 'Sacred Hour' are live recordings, while the remaining pair are hot and steamy off the Magnum pen. One is called 'Back To Earth' and the other is as yet un-named though the eventual title will almost cer-

tainly contain the word 'Heart' (it says here!)

THE last time that Magnum embarked on a trek around the UK as support to Krokus it was interesting to note that there was a large amount of support for the support. Magnum shirts were in abundance and their reception was often equal to that of the headliners. Why haven't the band seen fit to undertake their own headlining UK tour?

"It's all been a question of finance and not having the correct product at the right time. We had a lot of problems with 'Chase The Dragon' as you know and the hiatus between the live album and that release meant that we had to consolidate our following once more, which is why we opted to support Krokus. We will be doing a UK tour in September and that will most likely be a headlining job. Then we'll be going to Europe in November as support to Kansas which should be interesting as our styles are extremely similar. They are one of my favourite bands."

This obviously tallies with Magnum choosing Jeff Glixman, noted for his work with Kansas, as producer on 'Chase ...'. He's also done the new EP.

It's an ambitious move to steer well clear of such typical 'British'-sounding producers as 'Mutt' Lange and Martin Birch and go for something different. 'Ambitious' or 'ten years out of date'? Crazy or sane? Beats me, so take your pick. HOWARD JOHNSON.

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Send your answers on the entry form, plus the end flap featuring the model number from the box of your SHARP EL508A or EL509A, to: Sharp Competition, PO Box 41, 35 Boldmere Road, Sutton Coldfield, W. Midlands.

Competition closes 31 October 1982 and a list of winners and results is available from the competition address if you send a S.A.E. within 6 weeks of that date.

1. Sample A is 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 70, 75, 80, 85, 90, 95, 100.
Sample B is 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 70, 75, 80, 85, 90, 95, 100.
Which has the larger average, A or B?
Which has the larger Standard Deviation?

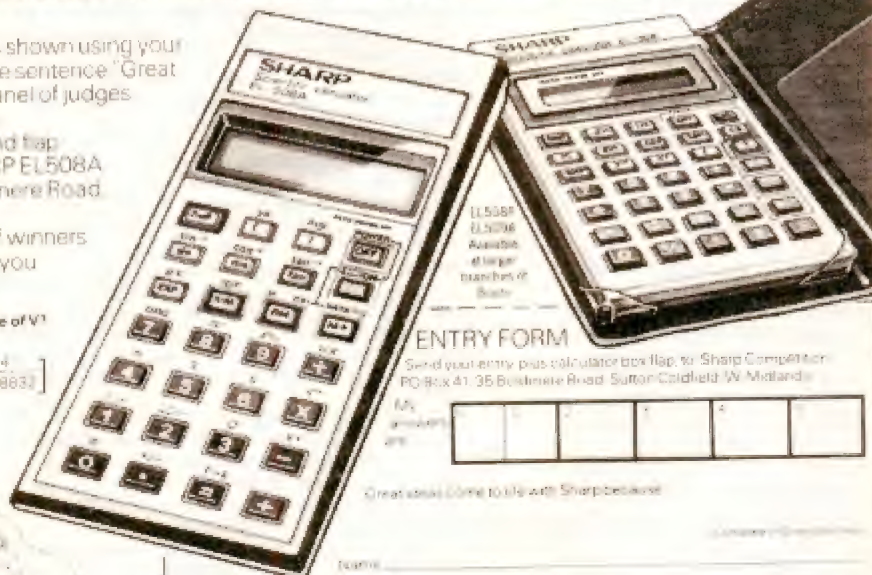
2. Fred wages £2,000 a week wages raised to £2.75 per hour.
What is the percentage increase?

3. $2x + 3y = 10$ and $x - 2y = 2$. What is the value of V ?

4. $K = 20 + \left[\frac{663770016}{358341} \right] \left[\frac{4}{\sqrt{748632}} \right]$
Find the value of K .

5. $9 = \left[\frac{3 \times 2 - 0.2 \times 3}{0.02 \times 3} \right] \times 3$
What is the value of R ?

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SMOKE ON THE HIGHWAY

BLACKFOOT
'Highway Song — Live!'
(WEA).

IT MAKES you swell with pride doesn't it? How long is it since a major HM band deigned to lay down their British tour dates for plastic posterity? Unless I'm suffering from Metal fatigue and my brain is out of order, it's an almighty long time too damn long! Well worry not, oh my brothers, for help is at hand.

"I got a song for all those English tomcatters we got here tonight," comes the message, leaving you in no doubt that this record is for us — each and every one of us, but especially those who attended Blackfoot's last gigs in London and Newcastle from which much of this album has been recorded. I tell y'all that this here vinyl documentation of one of the world's most energetic and vital bands is an absolutely essential purchase — you'd better believe it!

Blackfoot are by far the best band in their field of music. They play full(red)blooded Southern Rock which smokes more than a burning bale of hay and catching their live performance is a privilege indeed. While they're earthy, heavy and basic, the band still shows an ear for a melody on each number and to hear the London crowd hollerin' "Good mooooorning" at the top of their tiny voices fills you with admiration and a sense of enjoyment. Nothing at all has been lost in the transformation of the event in progress to the final vinyl outcome, which is a rarity, and the likes of 'Gimme, Gimme, Gimme' and 'Road Fever' are thus considerably tougher than their studio counterparts.

What's more, there's certainly VFM (Value For Mayhem) here. This is no simple run-through of numbers which are only different from their studio counterparts in that there is a sprinkling of applause between them. Jakson Spies and Greg T. Walker are ever busy adding intricacies to the basic rhythm tracks and when they combine with guitarists Charlie Hargrett and Ricky 'The Rattlesnake' Medlocke wholesale changes are inevitable. And that's not even mentioning the three numbers, 'Rollin' And Tumblin', 'Trouble In Mind', and 'Howay The Lads' (!) which are unavailable on Blackfoot studio releases.

Of course no review would be complete without a mention of 'Highway Song' itself. It's hard to put the feeling contained within this song into words so suffice it to say that it equals 'Freebird' as the finest song written in the Southern Boogie field and makes this LP worthwhile for those moments alone.

A rock 'n' roll event captured on vinyl. Feet will tap to the 'Foot and the beat goes on and on — for a long time yet I'm sure! HOWARD JOHNSON



JIMI HENDRIX **'The Jimi Hendrix Concerts'** **(CBS 88592)**

IT'S NOW a good twelve summers since the only real guitar hero hung up his plectrum for the last time, but the vinyl deluge continues to flow. So much of the material that's been posthumously released bearing the Hendrix banner has been at best mediocre that by now it's probably only the occasional diehard who doesn't greet the news of yet another 'new' long-player from Mr H. with a guarded and slightly cynical 'Oh, yeah?'

'The Jimi Hendrix Concerts', an eleven item double long-player released through CBS is manifestly not just another 'Oh, yeah?' Jimi Hendrix LP (or set thereof). Rather than diminish the legend, or at very least do nothing to enhance same, as have so many latterday Hendrix recordings, what with their 'clean-up' re-mixes, their belated overdubbing of additional musicians etc etc — rather than all that baloolah, 'The Jimi Hendrix Concerts' comes across as fresh and as vital as if it were recorded a dozen or so days and not as many years ago.

In other words: forget the 'Oh, yeah?' Hendrix recordings — tune into the 'OH H H YEAH!' Hendrix recordings. Hot stuff, no turkeys, some of them man's best known items, all recorded live with the original Experience for the main part.

The track listing is a familiar one, culled in the main from 1st and 2nd Experience album everygreens. 'Fire' for an ignition take-off. From thence to a thunderous 'I Don't Live Today'. Take it down a pace for the blues luxuries of 'Red House' — eight minutes and forty seconds of it and no blubber, fat, sodium glutamate of any kind.

Things do not decline from there, never worry. Side Two delivers a monumental 'Stone Free' (11.01) from the Albert Hall

concert of February 24th, 1969. Follow that with 'Are You Experienced' recorded at San Francisco's famed Winterland ballroom some five months before and you have another gem of exemplary guitar pyrotechnics, plus thanks to Messrs Mitchell and Redding — all the rhythm eccentricities you could possibly hope for.

And so it goes on: a pliant and magical 'Little Wing' that cuts Cherokee rhythms with near Hispanic melody lines, a 'Voodoo Chile' that could make a volcano horny, and Elmore James' 'Bleeding Heart', the nat'ral Blues as she should be played: slinky, sexy, soulful as can be. That's Side Three. For Four you get a sinfully delicious 'Hey Joe' featuring Billy Cox in Noel Redding's vacant slot, you get a 'Wild Thing' that should be locked in a cage whenever a person of nervous disposition is in the vicinity, and you get another funky blues jam in the work-in-progress version of 'Hear My Train A Comin' (aka 'Getting My Heart Back Together Again') where Hendrix blends his spaceman electromania with the pure poetry of the Blues, plowing in familiar classic lines of lyric alongside his usual inimitable otherworld guitar improvisations.

The sub-title of the records is 'A collection of his most exciting performances'. For once this is no mere record sales hype: it is just very true. The programming, the wild crowd response, Jimi's winningly vulgar throwaways ('This one's for the girl in the blue underwear' he chuckles at one point, and you can see her squirm in her seat and swoon away), the whole thing adds up to the nearest one can get to a Hendrix concert seat short of hitching a time machine ride back to the right time and place. Don't miss this particular magic bus. It'll take you to the rings of Saturn and beyond. And the conductor is a genius, no argument. The Jimi Hendrix legend shines on strong. DION MACHIAVELLI

DEEP PURPLE 'Live In London (Harvest SHSP 4124)

THE STORY: The BBC tape and broadcast this gig at the Kilburn Gaumont as an 'In Concert' radio show. The recording then lies dormant but not forgotten in the vaults for eight years (six years after Deep Purple split) until Simon Robinson, guru of the still growing Appreciation Society, with the encouragement of hundreds of members, finally persuades The Powers That Be to press the tapes up for release as this... their fifth official live LP.

The recording is already familiar to most Purple devotees as the set has been widely bootlegged but it's fascinating to hear it — finally — with hi-fidelity sound.

The performance: part of the band's first (and only) British tour with new-boys David Coverdale and Glenn Hughes. The tour followed hard on the heels of the 'Burn' LP so the set relies heavily on that LP. The title cut opens side one followed by 'Might Just Take Your Life' and 'Lay Down Stay Down' and while these are both fine renditions, it's the other two cuts from 'Burn' that show Deep Purple — as a band and as individual musicians — off to best effect.

'Mistreated' closes side one in masterful style, the superb intro from Ritchie Blackmore giving way to a Coverdale vocal packed full of that old cliché feeling.

The new singer had to take a back seat, though, on the album's final track 'You Fool No One' expanded here to nearly 18 minutes. Jon Lord opens the piece with a tasty Bach improvisation on his Hammond organ which is then superceded by The Riff and the song proper. Next up is Blackmore's solo spot, arguably the highlight of the whole set and undoubtedly one of his finest forays committed to vinyl. At first he sticks closely to the album solo but soon he's off into a barrage of notes and an orgy of tremelo bashing. The speed and intensity are incredible and made all the more powerful by the sudden switch to plaintive blues. Amazing stuff!

Hard on his heels comes Ian Paice with his drum solo — rather spoilt by some unnecessary synthesising but none-the-less a good example of how such spots needn't be boring. After a final roll the rest of the band come back in to close the album nicely with a quick burst of 'The Mule'.

The verdict: The material may now be eight years old and Purple extinct but their continued popularity says it all. Here is a band that laid the foundations for nearly all today's rock music. The album does credit to the strength of those foundations. Ignore it at your peril... they don't make 'em like this anymore! NEIL JEFFRIES

BAD COMPANY 'Rough Diamonds' (Swan Song SSK 59419)

LUCKILY IT'S not 1977 any more so consequently bands like Bad Company no longer receive an automatic mauling from the British press simply because of the kind of

music they play and the world-wide success they've enjoyed playing it. Instead we're well into 1982, living in the wake of the NWOBHM and there are magazines like *Kerrang!* around to ensure that the old guard of Heavy rockers from Budgie and Uriah Heep to Bad Company themselves get a better crack of the critical whip. Sympathy and understanding they can expect but if they want praise too when they release a new album then they must show that they've worked as hard for it as any bunch of young hopefuls from Huddersfield or Hoddesdon. Otherwise they can't escape a rap across the knuckles.

Which I fear is all Messrs Boz Burrell, Simon Kirke, Mick Ralphs and Paul Rodgers will get for this album because it is lacklustre and listless in the extreme. They've called it 'Rough Diamonds' but really it's little more than a string of costume jewellery. And one which suggests that Bad Company today are but a pale imitation of the hungry and honking horde which burst out of the late-lamented Free in 1974 to cut the classic 'Can't Get Enough Of Your Love' and a clutch of gutwrenching blues rock albums too.

Of course, it's a fact of life that once great bands often lose their grip and fade away into obscurity. But Bad Company's tragedy is that for one brief track on this album they prove they could still be up there with the very best. The track, 'Electricland', opens up side one with a wonderfully atmospheric piano figure and a slowly shifting, unbelievably seductive set of blues chords. And then Paul Rodgers pitches in with an emotionally charged vocal which wouldn't sound at all out of place on Free's 'Fire And Water' or 'Highway' albums were it not obvious from the sound that he has taken full advantage of modern production techniques. 'Electricland' verges on the brilliant but thereafter, for nine more tracks, it would seem like both Rodgers and the rest of his company lost all heart (and interest) in the album. Even that drummer of drummers Simon Kirke plods along like he'd rather be somewhere else while, sharing the lead guitar duties, both Mick Ralphs and Paul Rodgers

himself peddle licks which were all but exhausted 10 years ago. The songs are hardly inspiring either and, what with some mediocre Southern boogie funk arrangements, Bad Company have contrived to make themselves sound like a third rate Allman Brothers on the slide. CHAS de WHALLEY

VARIOUS ARTISTES: 'Heavy Metal Thunder' (Carrere CAL 3002)

REMEMBER nifty compilations like 'El Pea', 'You Can All Join In', 'The Rock Machine Turns You On'? No?

While grandpa toots wipes a tear from his nicotine and glaucoma coated pork pies and cleans the condensation off his national health potholes an era passes faster than you can say Lionheart line-up reshuffle.

While preparing my morning breakfast of breadcrust and hot milk a neatly folded copy of this compilation comes popping through the letter box (always a stickler for tidiness is our postie), and out of the brown envelope pops a garish cover bearing a selection of names that I'd successfully managed to avoid up till now. With the exception of Rose Tattoo (their hearts are in the right place... I think) and Rage (a group who epitomize the art of self-belief) the rest of the bands could be wiped of the heavy rock memory bank and we'd carry on regardless.

Over the years my feelings have become neutral as far as Saxon are concerned. They originally started off as a clever marketing ploy (image, memorable material, generally classier than the rest), initiated by a very smart set of managers. Now the strategy has gone into overkill which I should imagine is partly due to their lack of success in other territories, and their presence at almost every British Festival is becoming tedious. I can foresee an inevitable burn out situation if thinking caps aren't put on soon.

Demon will never go above Lyceum level (and that would have to be with strong support) as they are limited in the class stakes (the special effects are amusing but

hardly worth making an effort to see) and from personal sightings their music bears little relation to their image and the combination is a ludicrous spectacle.

Don Dokken's album is good, in fact, very good, but once he opens his mouth you realise he thinks he's God's gift to rock 'n' roll — hardly On reflection (and this is coming from someone who raved over the LP) a third rate Aldo Nova with a couple of smart riffs.

So the end product in this hacks eyes is a very badly packaged mish-mash of tracks just thrown on in any order. A worthless project, Carrere should have channelled the pittance they spent on this into something more worthwhile like signing a new act or ploughing more cash into Brian Connolly's career. Next! TOOTS DALEY

SHOOTING STAR 'Ill Wishes' (Virgin)

THE FIRST piece of mud that's slung in the direction of any American hard Rock band by people with a wish to run them down is that both the band and the music are faceless. They rant on about the 'good old days' when each outfit had its own distinct personality and identity, an ideology reduced to pure claptrap by the likes of REO and Journey — Cronin and Perry have enough distinctive qualities in their voice alone to stamp 'personality' with a capital 'P' into everyone's mind. Yet it has to be admitted that Shooting Star do seem to be a victim of the 'faceless' syndrome.

The band have always been regarded as Virgin's 'token' Heavy Metal group, mere companions for Uncle Ian Gillan, and can you name any of the members? No? My point in a nutshell! Perhaps they've tried to rectify matters by bringing in noted Journey producer Kevin Elson to handle 'Ill Wishes' but it hasn't worked.

It isn't a bad album, but songs come and go just like the buses in the street below your office... a mixture of hard and soft rock numbers none of which are particularly dire or particularly good.

HOWARD JOHNSON

MANOWAR 'Battle Hymns' (Liberty LBG 30349)

THE FIRST thing that's going to hit you about this band from the Aucoin stable is the image, which, as with his previous hystereses, Kiss, is guaranteed to garotte the unprepared and staple the knees of the meek. The image in no way belies the sheer power of the music but it does jump in feet-first. And the feet ('womble-footed' as le Bonutto described them) come spiked and hobnailed.

I am going to find Manowar very difficult to take seriously as they strut their macho, decibel-overkill, woman-screwing stuff, my only hope lying in the distinct possibility that their tongues are super-glued to their cheeks. After all, you'd have to have a sense of humour to stick that ludicrous bird and a sword-clenching arm whose veins are so choc-a-bloc they've actually burst at the wrist on your cover, wouldn't you?

Anyway, the best thing about

Manowar is that the music is strong enough to stand head and shoulders above the blutch image (my God, I had to remove ALL my make-up before I could even contemplate reviewing this album!). 'Death Tone', 'Metal Daze', 'Shell Shock' and 'Manowar' savage their way through the smog of bullshit Aucoin has engineered for them to emerge as Metallica tempered to a diamond-hard consistency. AND... it's got Orson Welles narrating a silly little fairy tale about some guy wreaking vengeance riding on a nag called Black Death (snigger). Orson can hardly contain his mirth but Ross-the-Boss has some of his finest moments on guitar.

Listen, this album may not be perfect ('William's Tale' for instance is a pointless piece of indulgence) but you'd hate yourself if you missed out on the chance to be in at the start of something potentially of leviathan proportions. Sure, it's pretentious, but then so was Led Zeppelin II and look what happened to them. DAVE DICKSON



HAWAII FIVE



We all know that OZZY OSBOURNE is a bit suspect, but what about DANTE BONUTTO and photographer ROSS HALFIN? Who isn't, claims Ozz on the eve of his Hawaiian wedding

OOOOOOOOHHH!!!

'People think I'm crazy but I'm in demand' (Ozzy Osbourne — 'Flying High Again').

MADNESS, TOTAL and absolute. I'm fighting to balance atop a rickety, steel-framed chair and my whole life's doing a quickstep before my eyes. Visions of past and future merge and become one as 'jumping jacks' snap and spark beneath the seat, a plate, flaming at the edges, skims past my left ear and a

firework, the size of a small V2, wings in from the back of the hall and smashes against the lights above the stage.

Undaunted by this sudden illumination, a figure, bare-chested, spraying sweat, careers across the boards in shambolic fashion, finally coming to rest before a central, solitary mike. The head tilts back, the arms extend in a magnanimous gesture. "WE LOVE YOU ALL!!!" comes the cry as bodies spill into

the aisles, hands fight for air-space and, right at the front, a crutch is hoisted aloft. After 14 months on the dusty trails of America Ozzy Osbourne has finally descended on the 50th state: Hawaii . . .

When, after eight studio albums and numerous world tours, Ozzy quit the Sabbath ranks for the second time his future, to put it mildly, seemed bleak. Booze-bloated and mentally run-down, he resembled, to use his own words, a

"Heavy Metal Buddha", and looked set to succumb to the pressures of rock'n'roll — on a permanent basis. A deal with Jet Records, however, offered an unexpected life-line and after piecing together a band — Randy Rhoads, Bob Daisley, Lee Kerslake — he joined engineer Max Norman at Ridge Farm Studios, Sussex, and set to work on two albums' worth of material.

The first tangible fruit of this labour was the single 'Crazy Train'.

released in August 1980, followed swiftly by the 'Ozzy Osbourne Blizzard Of Ozz' LP and a string of British dates. A couple of warm-up gigs under the name Law preceded the start of the tour but it was at the Glasgow Apollo that the comeback got officially underway.

The morning of the show Ozzy was genuinely concerned that the kids might have forgotten him, or just plain not care anymore, but a PA that afternoon in a local record store drew a three figure denim'n leather line and the gig itself, a sell-out, showed that the Osbourne name had lost none of its potent appeal.

By the time the second album, 'Diary Of A Madman', hit the shops in October last year the band, armed with a new rhythm section in Tommy Aldridge (drums), ex-Black Oak/Pat Travers band, and Rudy Sarzo (bass), formerly with Angel and Quiet Riot, was already causing quite a stir in the States. British fans (well some at least) got a brief glimpse of the revised line-up at the Port Vale Festival in August, but for the last year or so the band, now a five-piece with Don Airey on keyboards, has been focusing its attention on the American heartland, gigging from Alaska to Duluth where, Ozzy assures, his status is nothing less than mega.

Having retained a certain amount of capital from Sabbath days, he decided, on the advice of manager (now wife) Sharon Arden, not to tour the States as a support act but headline straight away. It was a gamble but...

Blurring the distinction between reality and fantasy by being equally outrageous whether onstage or off, he proved the ideal source for a news media ever in search of scandal and sensation. America, of course, has seen a fair number of overthetopsters (Kiss, Alice Cooper, etc) flourish in its midst but no-one quite as anarchic and unpredictable (not to mention unconstitutional) as the Ozz.

Stunned by his bizarre exploits, the US nation simply locked up its daughters and drew back agast, while the press donned muffler and mittens thinking it was Christmas. 'Ozzy relieves himself in German restaurant!... Ozzy empties bladder on Alamo!!... Ozzy bites head off bat!!!... OZZY... OZZY... OZZY', and the birth of a new stageman, an elaborate display of mediaeval masonry featuring a giant hand, an enterprising midget dubbed (naturally) 'Ronnie' and a great deal of bloody offal, caused faint hearts to beat faster still.

Determined to leave no stone unturned in pursuit of the public eye, Ozzy even took to the chat-show circuit where grossly-dentured hosts probed deep into the Osbourne psyche with such scintillating inquiries as: "Are you really a madman?", or variations thereof, and the stories blossoming around him began to assume a life and logic of their own. Ozzy's next stunt, proclaimed overheating hacks, will be to saw the legs off a Doberman and insert a stick of dynamite up the rear end of a goat, publicity that resulted in anti-Ozzy petitions, the band being banned from Boston — though by taking the

matter to court they were eventually able to put on a watered-down show with no 'acts of violence' — and the stage being ringed by 100 Magnum-wielding cops in St Louis.

The concerts also began to attract a strange fringe element desirous of making a personal contribution to the events onstage. The arrival of the bat (and its ultimate fate) we all know about, but impromptu guest appearances have also been made by a white rat, an 18-inch bullfrog and a severed beard of unknown origin. Weird, worrying even, yet great for box-office.

Twelve months ago the band were playing to attentive crowds some two and a half thousand strong, but now 18,000, rabid and screaming, is the norm. Indeed, early this year, as the Osbourne entourage headed inexorably for New York, three close-lying venues, Nassau Colosseum, Meadowlands Arena and Madison Square Garden, were sold out within the same week, a feat never before achieved. Ozzy seemed to have it all, though the sudden death of Randy Rhoads in a flying accident instantly reduced his world to rubble and, while the band has carried on, first with Bernie Tormé and now Brad Gillis, it's clear that emotional repercussions are still being felt.

The demise of someone as gifted as Randy Rhoads has inevitably thrown the future of the band into a degree of doubt. But, having arranged to catch shows in Los Angeles and Hawaii, I'm hoping prospects and plans will soon become clear...

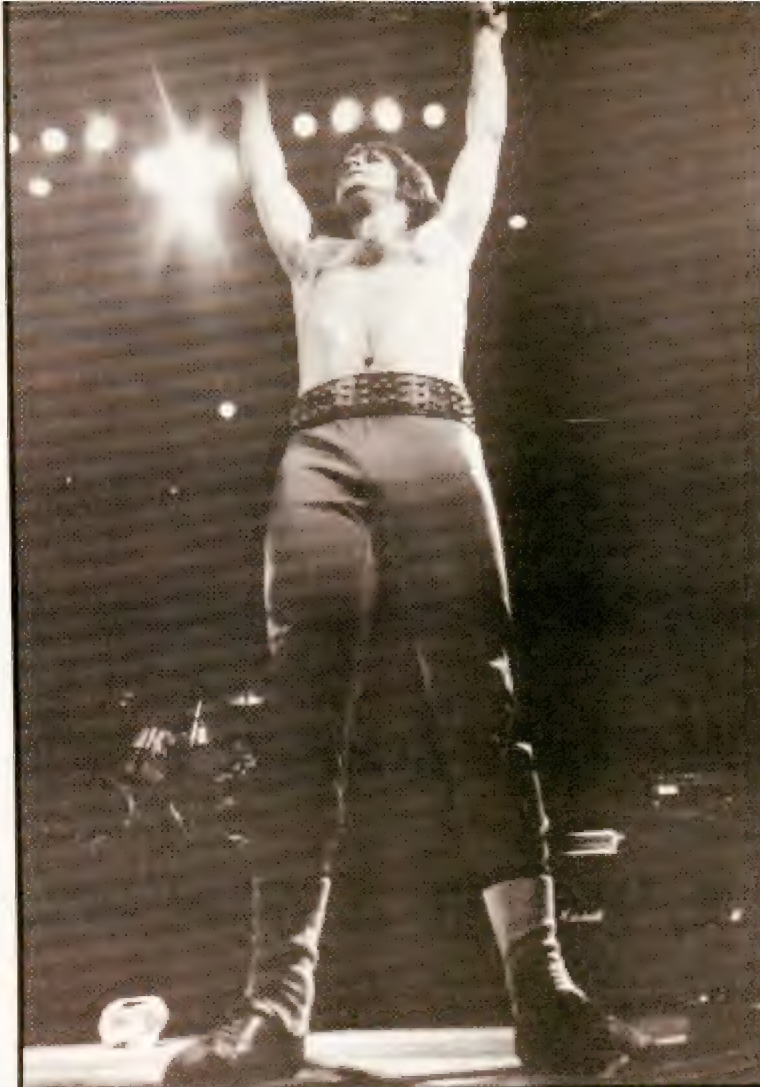
MADNESS, total and absolute. Eleven and a half hours on a plane with photography's first name in grossness, Ross Halfin, a man renowned for his tact and gentility only in the sense that he has precious little of either. Fortunately, however, some sturdy makeshift sedation (two valium and a brace of scotch'n'Cokes) ingested before the flight keeps him relatively docile with just the distant rattle of a drinks trolley inducing flecks of foam around the lips, and it isn't until LA airport that he has a chance to come into his own.

After clearing customs with remarkably little restraint, our attention is caught by a Woodstockian vision supporting a corrugated home-made placard bearing the word *Kerrang!* The scarf hanging rogueishly round the scalp, the jeans with just the hint of a flare — this can be but one man...

"Hi there, I'm Don Dokken." Ah, Dokken: Carrere recording artist and headband revivalist extraordinaire.

"Oo... Dan Dokker?" Halfin's clearly not conversant with the man, or his album, but presuming him to be an employee of the Osbourne management simply dumps a pile of belongings at his feet. Don looks peeved. Having been informed by Carrere in London that we were due into LA he'd come to offer some local hospitality (i.e. not mug or injure us), but the situation is rescued when the real Arden-appointed envoy arrives with Max Norman, also on our flight, and we're hustled away to a waiting car.

The band already at a gig some



OZZY: "We love you all!" (copyright Reading Festival)

three/four hours drive away, we make straight for our hotel, the Beverly Hills Hilton, an uptown, upmarket hostelry in extravagantly landscaped surroundings. It's all a long way removed from the often seamy world of rock'n'roll, but turning on the TV in the hotel room I'm instantly reminded of the purpose of my trip. Ozzy Osbourne, a newsreader informs, turning visibly pale, will play in the LA vicinity the following night and if anything fussy and four-legged is bitten, decapitated or in any way molested, will find himself clapped in irons on the spot. Another batch of tickets sold just like that...

The site of the aforementioned gig is an outdoor arena near a motor-through safari park an hour or so's drive from central LA. A 15,000-seater with a grass verge behind for those especially busy nights, it proves a good deal more civilised than the average UK venue with well-tiered seats, a spacious backstage area and ready refreshment facilities for the road crew who already have most of the superstructure aloft by the time we make an appearance early in the afternoon.

The show, it seems, will be filmed by MTV, America's non-stop music channel, for broadcast on Halloween and Christmas Day (and maybe on British TV too) and the director, with sparkling originality, has asked Ozzy to fool around with

some animals as a trailer for the two showings.

Having agreed to play along, Sharon and the Ozz arrive hot on our heels and, after a brief grumble from the latter, ailing on this occasion from a newly-etched tattoo, we set off for the park where a variety of species are waiting to make their TV debut.

First to appear is an elephant, large as elephants tend to be, which successfully negotiates a small bridge but, attempting to enter the narrow park portals, gets well and truly lodged and finally collapses in a wrinkled heap. Ozzy looks a mite worried and the director wisely decides that the lawn outside the park will do just as well for this epic confrontation. "Cue, action and ROLL 'EM!"

Ozzy, looking exceptionally manic for the time of day, leaves the ground wrapped in the elephant's trunk and, once the animal has been persuaded to play dead, places a wary foot on its stomach, antics that draw a small, inquisitive crowd of adults and children. "It's Ozzy Osbourne... he used to be with Black Sabbath... he bit the head off a bat, y'know... Marvin, that's close enough..."

Parents and offspring clasp hands as Ozzy makes a final grimace before setting off in search of new beasts to tame, though his next screen partner, a nappy-clad

CONTINUED PAGE 26



ZZZ ZBOURNE



ZZZ
ZBOURNE

OZZY OOOOHHH!

FROM PAGE 23

chimp called Isaac, proves more of a handful.

No sooner has the creature been thrust into Ozzy's arms than its angelic expression vanishes and, striking a blow for wildlife everywhere, it makes a vicious dental assault on the nearest Osbourne digit. Two officials instantly descend and hit-man Isaac is led away in disgrace, presumably for a spell in solitary, while Ozzy has various healing balms applied to his wound. A large python (name unknown) is next on the list but just a glare from Ozzy has that hastily removed and, after a short interview to-camera, he leaves with all extremities relatively intact.

Back at the gig-site local fire inspectors are checking over the pyros and when they're satisfied that all is under control the band gather onstage for a soundcheck. Ozzy not participating in this ritual (he never does), we're treated to an instrumental version of 'Over The Mountain' which, boosted by a PA the size of two large dwellings, causes a seismic shudder that has the cutlery bouncing around backstage.

FOUR hours later, with show time drawing near, I venture out front to find the grass verge pretty well full and the stadium itself wall-to-wall with an equal mix of males and females, most in their mid-teens and all whooping and hollering with considerable glee. It's an awesome display of lung power that touches football-terrace proportions as the lights go down and roadies heave away a large black cloth that's been masking the front of the stage, to reveal... well, very little really. No amps, no drumkit, no band, just a throne set atop a steep flight of steps.

The intro tape, an extended version of the 'Diary Of A Madman' theme, booms out of the bins, further swelling the tension, while laser guns project green pencils of light onto the cloth-encased PA stacks either side of the stage. At first the image is that of a bat which flaps away with no little menace before dissolving into the Osbourne moniker, while onstage the throne is now wreathed in trails of smoke and... suddenly Ozzy's there, a giant cross pushed to the fore warding off some unseen harbinger of doom.

Fevered acolytes acknowledge this entrance by creating as much chaos as the confines of a plastic seat will allow while, as flames burst from torch-holders either side of the throne, Ozzy charges down the steps, dashes the cross to the ground and, arms aloft, delivers a double-barrelled Churchillian salute.

Behind him, portcullis to the left and right ease up slowly, white light beaming through the criss-crossed bars revealing two motionless figures, hands on hips. The gates fully open, they move slowly forward, Sarzo on the left, Gillis on the right, giving the cue for the throne to slide back and the Aldridge drumkit, complete with



Marine expert Don Airey running through the pre-mating ritual of the little-known basking walrus. Rudy Sarzo

Tommy and hooded executioner (really his drum roadie), to rise up in its place. A brisk clubbing of the skins, a crash of the cymbals and 'Over The Mountain', with Ozzy now playing his part to the full, launches the set in champagne style.

Seen as it was designed to be seen under a constellation of lights, the stage is totally convincing — a tri-arched construction straight out of Arthurian legend, housing all the onstage equipment as well as the cowed figure of Don Airey. In its shadow, the band piledrive through a set containing three songs from the second album, 'Believer', 'Flying High Again' and the aforementioned 'Over The Mountain', and a good many more from the first.

Boosted by a dramatic Airey intro, 'Mr Crowley' is now a potential show-stealer while 'Suicide Solution' allows Aldridge and Gillis to go through their paces unaccompanied. Both are big

production numbers though, in terms of sheer emotional involvement, neither can compete with 'Crazy Train', its new drawn out opening tantalising the crowd just that little bit longer, or 'Goodbye To Romance', which sees 'Ronnie' (real name John Allen) unceremoniously lynched above the drumkit.

Gillis, previously with a minor West Coast band and recommended to Ozzy by Preston Thrall, Pat Thrall's brother, is clearly no Randy Rhoads but he does well enough, spicing a passable impression of the Rhoads sound with some enjoyable homegrown frills, while Sarzo, practitioner of an aggressive technique involving much clenched-fist pounding of the strings, provides able support.

As on the British tour the show ends with a storming reminder of Ozzy's past in the shape of an 'Iron Man'/'Children Of The Grave' medley, though the encore 'Paranoid' (what else) only

proceeds after he's burst from under the drumkit and lowered a few front-row heads with a rocket-firing gauntlet. Were it not for the close proximity of arena and safari park this would simply have been the prelude to a full-scale feast of whizz-bangs overhead. But even minus this extra touch of icing it's one hell of a gig and to celebrate it in style a party has been organised, *al fresco*, in the backstage area. On the guest list are Pat Benatar and hubby Neil Geraldo and, while neither myself or a listing, well-liquored Halfin jostle those particular elbows, we do come across former Sabbath affiliate Bill 'Bunker' Ward who, with his plastic sandals and abdominal overhang, looks to have more connection with the world of beach-combing than rock'n'roll.

Having formed a dubious alliance with big noise in US photography Neal Preston, Halfin returns early to LA and, showing a rare degree of responsibility, dissuades the



refuses to get involved.

American lensman from lobbing a TV set out of our hotel window. A wise move enabling us to leave the next day with dignity/kneecaps intact and set our sights on Hawaii, a Bounty-Hunter's wet dream where Ozzy and Sharon are to be wed and, one gig aside, the band will take a fully-deserved breather before setting off for a handful of dates in Japan.

We check in our bags at the airport and, finding there's half an hour or so to kill, adjourn to the comfort of the bar, promising to return in time for take-off. These, however, prove to be famous final words as the last minute bar-to-plane dash legislated for at British airports simply cannot be reproduced in the States and, thus, we find ourselves straining hopelessly against a sturdy glass door as an (almost) full plane taxis onto the runway.

Fortunately, the next Hawaii-bound Jumbo has a couple of unclaimed seats, but by the time

we reach our final destination, the Kahala Hilton, Honolulu, the band have already donned flowered shirts and are recumbent by the pool downing 'backscratchers' — formidable, multi-hued beverages complete with lashings of local flora, enough ice to worry the *Titanic* and ... yes, a wooden backscratcher. We see no reason not to join them

With the stage-set still packed away on the mainland, the gig the following day at a 9-10,000-seater in Honolulu looks certain to be a back-to-basics affair, a real test of the band's mettle.

Eyeing the security guards — mean, stick-totin' dirigibles the size of small houses — it's clear that wandering out front without a ticket will be tantamount to suicide and that the photographers pit, just a narrow space separated from the seething, sell-out masses by a balsa-wood barricade, will be the only safe place to dig in.

In the event, it proves an ideal

vantage point, with 'lashes lost in the initial flashbomb salvo more than made up for by a compulsive, close-up view of the Osbourne performance. Mouth set, eyes glazed over in a manic stare, he whips up a crowd who, already incited by the intensive 4/4 beat, look poised to surge forward and reduce the pit to flotsam. Deciding to risk it out front after all, I work my way through to the back of the hall and, standing atop a rickety, steel-framed chair, survey a scene of unbridled passion and energy. Madness, total and absolute.

After the show, with limbs carefully counted, we share a limo back to the Hilton with Ozzy and Sharon then, armed with a £70 bottle of vintage brandy, adjourn to the Osbourne/Arden suite to get the interview underway. What follows is our conversation exactly as it went down, unabridged (almost), uncensored (not quite), no overdubs guaranteed (well ...). Much as *Kerrang!* would love to

bring you a steamy, blow-by-blow account of the evening's exchange. Ozzy, being Ozzy, chose the occasion to expose the subversive, shirt-lifting exploits of a vast array of well-loved musical giants, possessors (outwardly at least) of the sturdiest wrists in the business. "You're not gonna believe this," said the Ozz, as closet doors were cast asunder, black tape ripped from eyes and name piled inexorably on name, former colleagues and members of his present band included. I can't say I was totally convinced but Ozzy refused to be swayed. "They're all homos," he insisted, "bent as a nine bob note. I'm surrounded by them."

What can be printed, has been ...

A lot of people are surprised that you managed to survive after the split with Sabbath ...

"Yeah, well, I had a hell of a lot of push because all I want to do is sit in the bar and get pissed for the rest of my life. But someone recognised that I had a gift. I don't say I'm a good singer, I never have. Ronnie Dio is a little snunk (an alcohol-derived snook/skunk hybrid), but he's a better singer than I am, I'm just a good frontman."

Though the venues were booked for a second UK tour all the dates were eventually pulled. Was that so you could concentrate on the States?

"No ... the real reason was that I was going through a very emotional situation at home in that I fell in love with my manager and it was all over with my wife. I have neglected England, I know, but not by choice. The woman I was married to ... well, I don't want to say too much about it, it's history, but she doesn't exist to me anymore."

"I'm getting married to Sharon any minute now and I love her more than anything in the world. Everybody says: 'she's (Jet boss) Don Arden's daughter, ha-ha, nudge-nudge', but whatever we've got together we've worked damn hard for. It's just a big happy family, like joining Billy Smart's circus."

Are you making money on this tour?

"No, very little. The initial layout was over a million dollars and it costs 100,000 dollars a week to keep the show on the road. The next tour won't cost as much but it'll still be as efficient. We'll take out our own stage which is something you can't do in England ... England's f---ed. In my opinion, English people need to get off their arseholes and work; but then I've got a cigarette lighter here worth more than 90 per cent of the people back home earn in a f---ing year, so what right have I got to talk. I'm a fortunate guy cos to a lot of people I sing like a c--- and I ain't a true artiste, but then I also turn a lot of folk on for the night."

And you have something politicians would like to have — the power to influence people

"Yeah, sometimes when I'm onstage I think I could be a dictator, that I could make people think the way I want, because unlike these f---ers on their soap-boxes who make that *Coronation Street*!

CONTINUED OVER PAGE



The Double-O tea-room trio — Brad Gillis (guitar), Rudy Sarzo (bass) — providing acoustic mayhem in Hawaii. The song? 'Paranoid' of course...

OZZY OOOOHHH!

FROM PAGE 27

do talk to the people — the people in front of me."

Is the constant touring beginning to take its toll?

"Oh yeah... it's been a hard battle for me to survive on my own and now my body is telling me to cool it cos I'm getting pains in my kidneys and I get a real severe pain on one side of my head. I've been to several doctors about it; they begin to tell me what's wrong and I just f--king walk out. Possible brain tumour one of them said but I don't want all this silly f--king chemical crap. It's probably just a gramm o' coke lodged up there... I'm alright. I've got a new life and I love my children and my future wife."

How's Brad Gillis shaping up?

"Crap!... I hate him."

Will he stay with the band?

"No... it's difficult to say who I want and who I don't want. Now we've got through the tour it's time to re-group and see who wants to stay and who wants to go, who fits and who doesn't. I haven't got a grudge against anyone but I'm not very happy with the situation at the moment; I want to change things."

What about Bernie Tormé, was he OK?

"Oh yeah, Bernie was great

I phoned every f--king rock star in the world asking for a hand and he's the only guy who said: 'Yes, I can do it'. We did Madison Square Garden and he played like a f--king star for me. I love him, and he had the most difficult job of all because Brad Gillis was there watching him play every night."

Why didn't Brad just come in straight away?

"Because he didn't have the bollocks."

Bernie didn't stick it out for very long though, why was that?

"Because it was just too much of a heavy duty gig. He's a very nervous person, anyhow, he stutters like a fool. Thank God he didn't introduce the f--king numbers or we'd have been there all night!"

There was also a rumour that you asked Gary Moore to join.

"Yes, I did but he's a c--t. Gary Moore is an arsehole, a great guitarist but the kiss of death in rock'n'roll and you can print that."

He's got his own band together at the moment.

"That's another f--king waste of time... can you imagine having a picture of Gary Moore on your wall? If he had a face like a welder's bench it would sure be better than the one he's got now. He's a nasty man..."

Did you approach Michael Schenker as well?

"I did... he asked for a king's ransom, the shitbag... Pete Way's

all right, though, I'd like him to learn guitar, and Ritchie Blackmore's OK too. All he likes is big tits — so I've heard. He's as sound as a pound... y'know, there's only two people around me that aren't homos."

Who are they?

"I can't tell you."

(Time for a change of subject methinks.) Do you live in America now?

"No, I'm planning to buy a house in England very shortly with my new wife. At the moment I'm living at Sharon's father's house in Beverly Hills."

Have you been keeping in touch with events in Britain — the Falklands affair, for instance?

"I've tried to keep in touch, yes... that Margaret Thatcher's an arsehole. Y'know why? Because she knew it was gonna happen. You don't just send the f--king armada out there on the spur of the moment. They should sell Margaret Thatcher light bulbs and pellet guns at Christmas. She needs burning on Guy Fawkes night... I'd like to sleep with Margaret Thatcher, y'know."

Well, perhaps it would change her...

"Oh, if I slept with her it certainly would!"

What would have happened if you hadn't got the deal with Jet?

"I'd probably have killed myself, I was planning on it, but I'm stronger than ever now I've met Sharon. I'm happy, but I still want Margaret Thatcher."

The forthcoming live album, 'Talk Of The Devil', a tribute to Randy Rhoads, will contain a message from you to the fans. What will it say?

"Basically, I'm going to write what I felt about Randy, what we all felt about him. That kid was my lifeline, y'know, he was such a dynamic player, and I'd rather not talk about it any more because it cuts me up every day of my life."

What about recording — will you work on the next couple of albums together, the same way you did the first two?

"Yes, that's the plan, and I've got the material already written. The first one I'll call 'Bark At The Moon' and the second 'Killer Of Giants' but before all that happens there'll be the live album (detailed in Kerrang'21), and if it's physically possible we'll do some shows in England before the end of the year." (Seven dates in November, including gigs at Wembley, and the Birmingham NEC, now look likely).

At which point Ozzy leans back and, with a cigarette smouldering gently between his fingers and a contemplative smile spreading slowly across his face, drifts off into a realm beyond reach. Thank you and goodnight...

Leaving for the airport the next day, Ozzy's last words to me come straight from the heart:

"Don't forget my list of homos."

I didn't, but the world, I'm afraid, is not yet ready. Shame.

ONCERTS

KING LION

LIONHEART
Marquee, London

FOLLOWING THEIR impressive appearance at last year's Reading Festival, Lionheart to all intents and purposes seemed to disappear off the face of the earth.

Helped not a great deal by the slatings they'd received from the press as 'just another hyped-up supergroup' record companies had avoided them like the plague, yet musically they were probably one of the finest bands around, being the perfect balance of power and style, the archetypal hard rock band. So it was with much elation that I greeted the news that the Lion had risen from the dead to try once and for all to secure that elusive record deal.

Starting as usual with the dynamic 'Lionheart', drummer Clive Edwards fired his double-bass drum kicks through the tight-knit twin guitar riff while singer/bassist Rocky proved beyond all doubt that the band were wasting their time ever looking for a lead vocalist. With the added bonus of harmonies from Dennis Stratton and Steve Mann, they managed to put over a melodic feel rare in British hard rock while still keeping an element of integrity, the important factor that separates them from their cousins across the water.

By the time the band roared into 'Dangerous Games' the loyal home crowd was right behind them. Clearly they were there to see Lionheart and not an ex-Maiden guitarist who quit just as they were about to break big. In fact Dennis seems far more at home laying down the pace in the time-honoured Malcolm Young tradition than strutting his stuff in leather 'n' studs, which is meant as no slur on Iron Maiden, just as a way of pointing out that both parties seem to have benefited from the split.

One of the more surprising moments of the gig came with the inclusion of Touch's 'Don't You Know What Love Is', a chunk of ferocious power pop that took on a new lease of life as a result of Stevie Mann's fluid lead guitar playing. If released as a single it would be a sure-fire smasheroonie Diamonds amongst the rust of current day HM, Lionheart will one day be kings of the jungle. GEOFF BANKS

BLACK ROSE
Kensington Ad Lib,
London

HEAD ON the block time, stick yer neck out, put yer money where yer mouth is.



LIONHEART: diamonds amongst the rust

Black Rose are a very tight, very organised and, most important of all, very exciting Heavy Metal four-piece who ventured south to play their debut London date in the wake of an 'Armed & Ready' slot and left one disorientated hack vainly scrabbling for enough suitable superlatives.

The prestigious Silverwing had pulled out of this gig (run out of flash-bombs, financial backing or something) and Black Rose had trundled down from the North-East to face a largely indifferent (read 'typical') London audience. "To hell with 'em!", they thought and proceeded to figuratively rock their balls off. If the rag-tag punters were too fey to get off on it then that was their misfortune.

At the moment Black Rose are still apprentices to the trade of Mayhem — the lyrics are pretty standard fare, the music, with the notable exception of the single 'No Point Runnin'', as yet lacks memorable hooks, and there's maybe a tendency to over-pose the part of the 'guitar-hero' by vocalist/rhythm guitarist Steve Bardsley — but these are minor quibbles that experience will iron out. The simple fact remains that the ATTITUDE is right, the desire to get onstage and entertain an audience and sweat blood for them! Even the obligatory guitar solo from Chris Watson was a welcome show-case for ability rather than ego-indulgence.

It's not my job to tell the record companies their business but let me pass on a little tip. There's this group called Black Rose, see, and they don't have a deal yet but they deserve one and they deserve to be heard 'cos they're that good. OK?

It is my job, however, to report 'happenings' and this band certainly are one. If you get the chance, do

yourself a favour and see them live. Better still, make a friend for life and take someone else with you. DAVE DICKSON

**GEDDES AXE/
BATTLEAXE**
Philmore Country Club,
Saltburn By The Sea

THE RELATIVE rock 'n' roll backwater of Saltburn-by-the-Sea is about the last place on earth you'd expect to find a thriving Heavy Metal community with its own club and assortment of bands who regularly play there. Run in conjunction with the local HM fanzine, Cleveland Rocks, the Country Club has given local bands a chance they might otherwise never get, and local kids an evening of mayhem for the reasonable price of 70p. On this occasion there was a double treat in store, because local favourites Battleaxe and Sheffield techno-rockers Geddes Axe had both been booked.

Battleaxe, though worthy of their local acclaim, had all the gods against them. If it wasn't the PA, it was guitar leads, but like troupers they carried on regardless with their 'up against the wall mother-f-ers' cement mixer boogie. Vocalist Dave King being very much the front man, delivering the sword and sorcery lyrics with Lemmyesque venom but a lot more class and feeling, while guitarist Steve Hardy goes through the onstage histrionics of a man possessed. The home crowd lapped it up, but I'll save judgement until I see them again without the sound problems.

And now to Geddes Axe. If ever a band has improved these boys sure have. A year ago I wouldn't have

even given them the time of day, let alone a review, but now revamped and with some direction at last they put on one of the most impressive shows to ever grace a club stage. Not that they go in for 'flashbomb fever' in a big way, just that they look more at home onstage and put over a greater feeling of professionalism than many of their peers. The music exudes class and now does justice to the complex arrangements as on the epic 'Valley Of The Kings' with its acoustic style intro and progressive time changes that highlight the skills of new drummer John Burke, very much the band's backbone but with the ability to improvise while keeping the, at times, tricky rhythm going behind the guitars and vocals.

One little shock is the unexpected cover of Kiss's 'Detroit Rock City' that seems to be a crowd pleaser, and acts as familiar ground between band and audience to break down the invisible barrier between them. The number is competently played adding not detracting anything from the original and only just matching some of their own basic rockers, such as the new single 'Sharpen Your Wits', which takes on a new dimension live with the guitar interplay of Martin Wilson and Nick Brown. Both take their fair share of the spotlight and neither lets the side down. The other reason things now sound a lot better is the recent arrival of vocalist Tony Rose, who unfortunately didn't appear on the latest single but is totally in command of the audience and sings in a style that has 'world class' stamped all over it. Tonight Geddes may have won the battle of the 'Axes' but more importantly they have won the battle to make Geddes Axe a band no longer to be ignored. GEOFF BANKS

A MONSTER

STATUS QUO/GILLAN/SAXON/
HAWKWIND/URIAH HEEP/ANVIL
Monsters of Rock Festival, Castle
Donington

THE CASTLE Donington 'Monsters of Rock' Festival surpassed all previous events in its degree of incompetence. The whole charade was a miserable fiasco, whose only saving grace remained the bands who continued to suffer the meagre and lamentable facilities in order to give the fans a good time, although the way in which the first half of the bill were received must have made them wonder whether it was really worth the effort. The promoters had laid on a barely satisfactory stage, a totally inadequate viewing area, coupled with equipment which Ian Gillan described as "Mickey Mouse" as he ploughed through five separate microphones and three stands. The PA system was so duff that at the back of the arena it was scarcely audible. The security, such as it was, proved negligent as we watched campers tear down fencing and toilet walls to make firewood.

And yet, the audience at an estimated 60,000 plus, all paying £10 or more for a ticket, were content to be cattle-herded into an arena and then herded out again so long as they were allowed to show displeasure by hurling objects at the stage, why should the promoters care? By the time you read this their profits will be accruing interest very nicely, thank you very much.

Those four lovable Canadians, Anvil, were the first band to suffer the ignominy of taking the stage amidst this mayhem of an intolerable nature, they delivered an excellent opening set.

Lips, visibly nervous at the sight of so many hard-core headbangers, still led the band with considerable aplomb, stalking the stage in his sado-masochistic studded straps, urging his cohorts along with rock hard songs which shouldn't and couldn't have elicited anything but appreciation from the fans. Why then, did a certain section of the audience decide that the stage would benefit from a turf decor, making Anvil feel second rate when they had actually delivered heavily with numbers such as 'Bedroom Game' and 'Mothra'? It's an unwritten festival law that the opening band, good or bad, get the 'treatment' for the edification of certain numbskulls. Anvil were received no differently but definitely fall into the category of the former and when they return to Donington they'll be higher up the bill and will receive the acclaim they richly deserve.

Pete Goalby, at least, managed to win the crowd over with an engaging warmth, despite the rain and having plastic cartons and footballs thrown at him, to the extent that Mick Box and co. were given the first encore of the day with 'Easy Livin'.

Hawkwind did not fare so well



And we don't mean the cod piece

There was no rhyme or reason for their presence. They belong to a more tolerant generation and even aided by gold and silver clad dancers and the ubiquitous Nik Turner, Dave Brock was unable to pacify the ingratiating throng. 'Silver Machine' segued rapidly into 'Master Of The Universe' and they quit the stage hurriedly, leaving the roadies to clear up the debris.

The thought of returning to the fray to view Saxon was positively nauseating — and that does not refer to the band.

Biff's voice was the biggest disappointment of the day, holding all the power of a grounded Fokker Friendship rather than the soaring 747 which we are so used to. Too much work in too little time brings poor results and while the band

rocked with a vengeance, the Byford growl was more than a little distracting.

Yet even on an off day Biff commands the stage with the dash of a Montgomery stalking the Desert Fox. "Nobody throws stuff on my stage," he lyricised, to far better effect than Tommy Vance's earlier feeble warblings and thus his band could 'get down' in comfort.



QUO

All the favourites were there you name it they played it as well as treating us all to a new number, 'The Eagle Has Landed', a lengthy, morose piece of Sabbathish dirge which will hopefully transmit better on vinyl than it did live!

Immensely enjoyable was 'Dallas 1pm' which has surely taken over from '747' as the band's showpiece. Biff and Steve Dawson pirouetting in unison as if spring-loaded in the feet. 'Wheel Of Steel' brought the traditional crowd participation, which helped us all forget the rain and actually enjoy ourselves. I've seen Saxon play better, but the band did as well as can be expected under the circumstances.

Ian Gillan is an old hand at crowd manipulation, and the resurrection of 'Black Night' ensured an otherwise predictable success. An unusually restrained John McCoy left the histrionics to Blackmore clone Janick Gers and the musicianship to the superb Colin Towns on flute and keyboards. Ian guided the band through 'Mutally Assured Destruction' and 'Vengeance' before releasing the stage to Gers' spasmodic, overlong solo during 'Bite The Bullet'.

Towns' improvised jazz intro heralded a welcome encore of 'No Easy Way' followed by 'New Orleans'. Of course the essential song was still missing and 'Smoke On The Water' came delivered as a fitting close to the finest set of the day.

Ian Gillan may not possess the voice he once did but he is masterful, a joy to watch, proving that there are some things even Donington couldn't cock-up, like putting on a great band.

And so to Quo, the great British Rock Institution. Whatever is written here is wholly irrelevant which can be a decided ego damper but plainly the truth, when you realise the competition that you're up against. If I were to slate Rossi and co. Kerrang's letters page would be full for months counter-attacking in venomous fashion, and it wouldn't make the slightest difference to their sales. Quo are a band above criticism.

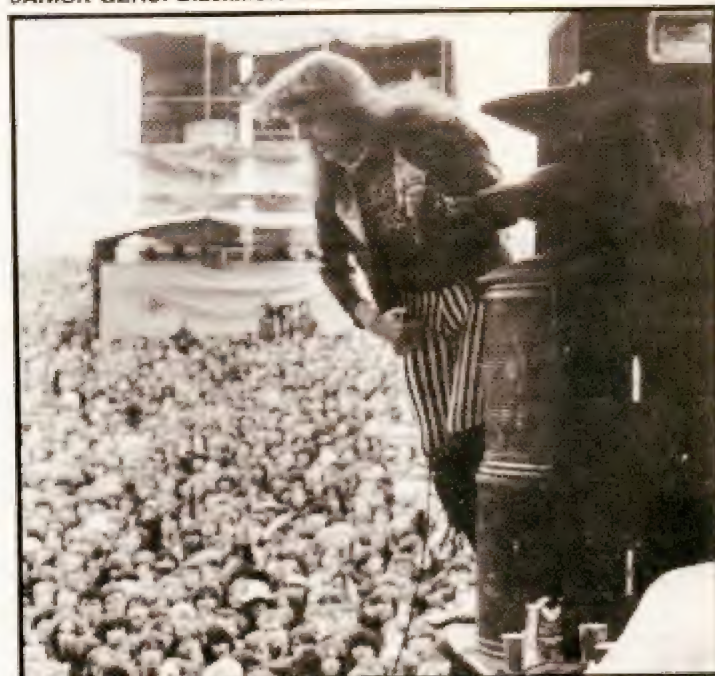
Fortunately, this group is entertaining live, though I'd never dream of purchasing an album, and they have to be admired when they can attract mums and dads to the hell-hole that is Donington. They were visible to all in Hush Puppies and tweed coats, pipe-smoking and boogying with the denim brigade to the likes of 'What You're Proposin' and 'Rockin' All Over The World'.

Quo gave value for money, playing their usual mammoth set, and I didn't see a sad face, so who can argue? Here's to the next 20 years!

Thus we departed, sobered by the crass incompetence of certain parties and amazed at the quality of the bands in such disastrous circumstances. HOWARD JOHNSON and DAVE DICKSON.



JANICK GERS: Blackmore clone



BIFF: "don't you throw that stuff at me"

QUEEN/BILLY SQUIER Madison Square Garden, New York

QUEEN RECENTLY kicked off their 1982 US tour with two concerts at New York's hallowed Madison Square Garden, but neither gig was a sell-out. Even the added attraction of Billy Squier failed to draw the crowds. Yet, despite the disappointing attendances for the Big Apple gigs, the royal rockers still managed to deliver the most spectacularly entertaining performances I've ever seen them give.

Billy Squier and his band emerged to rapturous applause and cheering and for the ensuing hour they played a powerful set that revolved around the current 'Emotions In Motion' LP. New tunes

like 'Learn How To Live', 'It Keeps You Rockin'' and the album's title track were well received and came across with greater punch than on record. By far the best number, though, was the masterful 'In The Dark' which brought Squier's performance to a riveting climax. He was recalled for two encores, both of which were thoroughly deserved.

As the houselights came back on, the sound of Journey's 'Escape' album filled the 20,000-seater venue until darkness returned to herald Queen's arrival. The taped intro of 'Flash' boomed out of the

giant PA and searchlights shot around the auditorium. A magnificent start to proceedings leaving everyone be-dazzled.

Freddie Mercury was in glorious form, prancing around the stage with an abundance of energy. Eventually he greeted us all, taking a leaf out of Dave Lee Roth's book of introductions, by emitting a classic "So what's haaaaaaaapening?" The crowd roared as the singer continued: "I just love being in New York City, it's so trashy!!!" The crowd continued to roar. Mercury could have told them they were a bunch of

idiots and they'd still have been happy!

Although Fred was the focus of attention, the real star of the show was Brian May who provided a splendid display of axe heroics. The music combined classic Queen ('Now I'm Here', 'Bohemian Rhapsody', etc) with material from 'Hot Space'. Of the fresh songs, Roger Taylor's 'Calling All Girls' was definitely the winner.

The stage production and musicianship was superb, the fans loving it and definitely a night of regal splendour. Shame about the empty seats! STEVE GETT

ROYAL FLUSH



RUSH

THINGS HAVE been strangely muted on the Rush front of late. In fact the last time they appeared on these pages was in Kerrang! No. 7(!) with an update from drummer extraordinaire Neil Peart. But now the band have re-emerged with a new album, 'Signals', co-produced with the ever-present Terry Brown. The current single, 'New World Man', taken from the album, has a previously unreleased live B-side, 'Vital Sign', and, though the band are presently engaged on a US tour, there are no immediate plans to cross the water. Watch this space.

THE FORDS, NEWARK
NEWARK, N.J.
1987-1988-1989

CONAN



"OK, Ozzy Osbourne, follow this!"

CONAN THE CONQUERER

'CONAN'(AA)

Directed by John Milius
With: Arnold Schwarzenegger,
James Earl Jones, Max Von Sydow,
Sandahl Bergmann. 127 mins.
Originally created by Robert E.
Howard for the US 'pulp' magazines
in 1932, Conan is perhaps the key
figure in the entire Sword and
Sorcery fantasy genre; since
Howard's suicide at the age of 30
other writers have picked up the
thread, but the bloodthirsty, all-
powerful king of the skull-crushers
has never been out of print, be it in
prose form or, more recently, in the
Marvel comic strips which have
appeared both as a standard comic
and its up-market magazine big
brother 'Savage Sword Of Conan'.

Now, thanks to 'Hollywood brat'
John Milius, an eccentric but
frequently brilliant writer and
director (he wrote 'Dirty Harry' and
'Magnum Force', the original and
far nastier 'Apocalypse Now' etc
etc) 'Conan' is a film.

Don't worry if you've never read a
Conan story or comic before in your
life — a look at 'Conan' the movie
will fill you in fully and breath-
takingly... and probably leave you
ready and eager for more into the
bargain.

The film begins with a quote from
the German philosopher Frederick
Nietzsche (the man who coined the
term 'übermensch' — superman —
which the Nazis so gleefully
incorporated into their hodge-podge
of politics and wish-fulfilment
fantasies a few decades later):

'That which does not kill us makes
us stronger'. Ear-shattered
Wagnerian music stabs at the ears
and a splendidly cavernous voice
invites us to enter a world of heroes
and villains of the sort they just don't
build any more. Conan (referred to
as 'Coo-nan' throughout the
picture) is a child when we first see
him, living peacefully with his parents
and the rest of a small tribe in a
woodland village. Suddenly a group
of armoured horsemen thunder
through the trees and promptly set
about slaughtering the entire
population. When the fighting's
over, the three leading 'baddies'
dismount and approach Conan and
his mother, who hold hands
fearfully. The leader removes his
monstrous helmet and then swiftly
removes Conan's mother's head.
The child is carted off to a bleak
encampment and strapped to what
appears to be a gigantic grinding
machine. Fade to black.

When the lights come on again,
only Conan remains. He's still
chained to this gigantic wheel, but
he's developed into a great mass of
muscle and tendon — namely



Is this the end? Nah, course not!

Arnold Schwarzenegger, king of
body-builders, and 'Mr Universe'
several times over. Sold as a slave,
Conan winds up in a gladiatorial pit
and impresses his new master by
disposing of a huge opponent with
little but his bare hands. Clearly the
boy has talent. A quick series of
scenes show him winning scores of
bloody contests while, in between
bouts, he is taught the whole range
of fighting arts.

Eventually he wins his freedom
and becomes a professional thief,
eventually teaming up with a
wiscracking oriental Bowman
(Gerry Lopez) and a stunning but
deadly female warrior, Valeria
(Sandahl Bergmann). Conan's real
quest, however, is to find the
meanies responsible for the death
of his parents. Returning to his
Northern homeland, he finds the
country in the grip of a sinister
Snake Cult. Guess who's running
the show? You got it — it's the nasty
Thulsa Doom (James Earl Jones),
none other than the gent
responsible for Conan's premature

orphaning and all the problems that
followed. Much clashing of swords,
banging of heads, biting of flesh
later and Conan and Doom are
finally face to face.

By now Conan has fought a
massive snake, been seduced by a
witch who turns into a panther
during their love-making, managed
to dispatch Doom's two captains —
one of whom wields an enormous
hammer with which he 'bonks'
people into the here after, while the
other looks like nothing so much
as Lemmy's big brother! These and
about a hundred more human
adversaries have fallen to Conan's
mighty sword while he himself, with
a little help from a friendly magician,
has managed to come back from
the dead. Taking all this into
account, it's no odds who wins the
last battle. And, naturally, there's a
final shot of an older and wiser
Conan (he's grown a beard,
anyway) as he'll appear in the
inevitable 'Conan 2'.

I can't wait. Howard purists may
have one or two reservations about
Milius' script (he borrowed Thulsa
Doom from another series of tales
altogether, for example), but
anyone who's ever dreamed of
seeing a Frank Frazzetta painting
come to life need look no further.
Arnold S. not only looks right for the
part, but — unlike previous muscle
bound heroes, from Steve Reeves
in the sixties, to the nobody who
aped Tarzan in the Bo Derek joke of
a few months past — he has more
than a smidgeon of acting ability,
something that even recent

superheroes have tended to lack.
Christopher Reeve excepted. In
Thulsa Doom, Conan has a
splendidly unpleasant adversary,
one who combines massive
strength and fighting skills with
more than a touch of magical
power. Plus that splendidly ominous
voice, of course — Jones is the man
who does the talking for Darth
Vader in the 'Star Wars' series, if
you didn't know.

'Conan' is an action picture and
for once that's exactly what we get
— there's very little sitting around,
the occasional welcome laugh (the
bit where Conan KO's a camel is a
side-splitter!) and, apart from that,
nothing but splendidly
choreographed punch-ups, sword-
fights and ballyhoo galore. There
are also some splendid sets
courtesy of sometime anti-war
cartoonist Ron Cobb. The most
singularly impressive thing of all
however is the film's sense of place
— although it was shot totally in
Spain, you actually get the feel of
vast and always slightly alien
wastelands somewhere in the
forgotten mists of history.

It lasts over two hours but it feels
more like one. And when it's
finished you find yourself wondering
what happens next. As pure
entertainment, 'Conan' takes a lot
of beating: definitely the only movie
this year that can stand comfortably
alongside 'Mad Max II'. Don't miss it
— you'll be passing up on the
cinematic equivalent of a
Motorhead concert. And then some
DION MACHIAVELLI



CONTACT

OUR REGULAR *Contact* spot aims to help answer many of those questions about your favourite bands, fan club details, equipment queries or merchandising problems, etc. If you've got a question, write to us at: *Contact*, Kerrang! 40 Long Acra, London WC2. But we're sorry that no personal correspondence may be entered into.

HEEP BIG DISCOGRAPHY

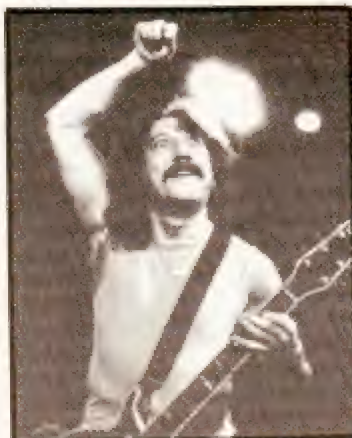
PLEASE COULD you print a Uriah Heep discography? Sarah, Notts.

ALBUMS:

Very 'Eavy, Very 'Umbie (Bronze BRNA 142)
Salisbury (Bronze BRNA 152)
Look At Yourself (Bronze BRNA 169)
Demonic And Wizards (BRNA 213)
Magician's Birthday (BRNA 213)
Uriah Heep Live (BRSP1)
Sweet Freedom (BRNA 245)
Wonderworld (BRNA 280)
Return To Fantasy (BRNA 335)
Best Of (BRON 375)
High And Mighty (BRNA 384)
Firefly (BRNA 483)
Innocent Victim (BRON 504)
Fallen Angel (BRNA 512)
Conquest (BRON 524)
Abominog (BRON 538)

SINGLES (from 1973 only)

Feelin' Sunshine
Something Or Nothing/What Can I do
Prima Donna/Shout It Out
One way Or Another/Misty Eyes
Wise Man/Crime Of Passion
Free Me/Masquerade
Love Or Nothing/Gimme Love
Come Back To Me/Cheater
One More Night/Right To Live



Heep's Mick Bux

Carry On/Been Hurt
Love Stealer/No Return
Think It Over/ My Joanna Needs Tuning
O The Rebound/Tin Soldier/Son Of A
Bitch (Abominog Junior EP)
That's The Way That It is/Hot Persuasion

WE'RE IN a female rock band and would like to do a cover of one of Shakin' Streets' songs, but we don't know who to contact concerning the lyric to the song. Could you possibly trace the publishers address for us. Lorraine & Claire.

Any bands that do cover versions of songs should contact the publishers (who own the right to use songs by their clients) to obtain permission. To find out who is the publisher of a song try phoning the Performing Rights Society who will help with relevant information of the publisher and the songwriter. If you can supply the name of the band, title of the song and the record company this will help to speed the process. You can ring the PRS on 01-580 5544. Although you didn't state the title of the song the PRS told us that the majority of Shakin' Streets' songs are published by April Music, their address is: 37 Soho Square, London W1.

I WOULD be grateful if you could find out how that mask in the Thunderstick pic got to be there! The mask belongs to Davros from Doctor Who. How did the group get the mask and do they use it at their gigs? Keith Pickering, Clapham, Bedford.

Good observation! The mask in the Thunderstick pic is that of Davros the leader and creator of the Daleks in Dr Who. Thunderstick came by it when he was with Samson through very mysterious circumstances and it is the original Davros mask made for the TV series. The band are planning to become more theatrical on stage in the future and

the mask could well be popping up here and there, so keep a look out for Thunderstick live.

FANZINE LOVERS may be interested in 'Metal Mania' from San Francisco a 30-page magazine with plenty of editorial on Scorpions, UFO, Randy Rhoads, Angelwitch, new etc. The format is 5in x 8in and photocopied (which unfortunately means that some of the photos are a little fuzzy). The cost is £1 but that does cover postage prices. Any bands who wish to send tapes to Metal Mania may also be lucky to have them included on a radio station they also run. The station is called KUSF and broadcasts every Saturday night from 2am to 5am. Metal Mania is at: 4340 20th Street, San Francisco, California 94114, USA.

ON JANUARY 27 I sent £7.50 to the Praying Mantis fan club for a sweatshirt and I was told to wait 28 days for delivery. Since then I've sent them letters but have received nothing. It's now over 30 weeks and I'm getting desperate for something to be done, can you help? M. Wilcox, Staffs.

Since you originally wrote to the Praying Mantis fan club in January the running of it has changed hands many times, causing mucho confusion. The band are now under new management and are in the process of appointing a fan club secretary. Anyone who has sent money to them or written for information — hang on. Your letters are currently in limbo until an official is found to sort it all out.

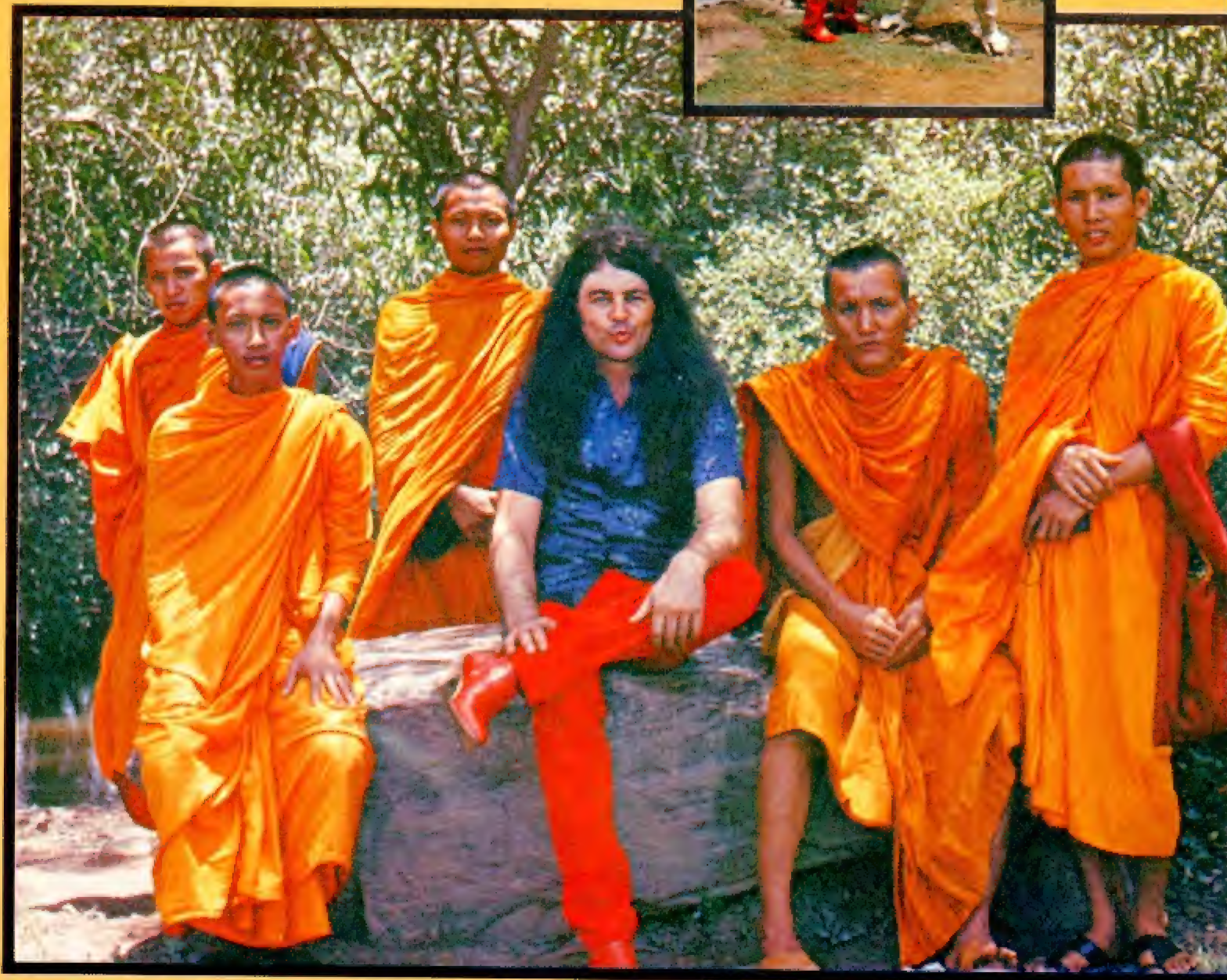


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MONKEY BUSINESS

ON A recent tour of south-east Asia Gillan played to crowds of between eight and 20 thousand at Kula Lumpur in Malaysia, Bangkok in Thailand and Manila in the Philippines. The kids, aged roughly 16-22, although a little behind in their music, went "completely apeshit!"

"I've come to the conclusion," says Ian, "that rock music is the world's greatest transmitter, it transcends all barriers the world over."

The cigarette-smoking monkey was discovered at a crocodile farm! "He was one of the attractions," Ian explains. "There were tigers too but the main crowd-puller was a huge pit where they had this fella fighting the

crocodiles. The monkey took a fag out of my hand and helped himself to an Iced Coke from one of the crew. He was the sort of character you could find in any zoo anywhere in Britain, really."

The buddhist monks, however, he encountered in a place called The Ancient City, a favourite tourist spot near Bangkok, which is an exact replica of shrines throughout Thailand.

"One or two of them spoke English... but much in the way that I speak Siamese. In other words, 'Hello', 'thank you', 'goodbye'." But there was still "a great empathy, a great smile and a lot of good feeling."

Meanwhile, in Kuala Lumpur, the Malay

authorities required Ian to severely restrict the movement of his hair.

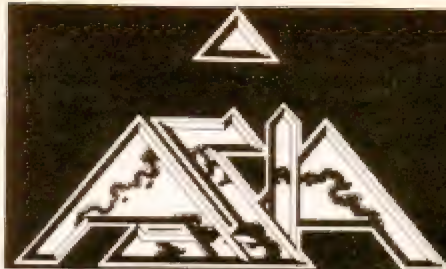
"It's a very peaceful, friendly country and they didn't want us coming in rocking the boat. So they said the hair either had to be cut off or tied on top of the head."

Following a press conference, however, the people quickly became enamoured of Ian, and in the end they agreed to let him wear his hair simply tied at the back.

Gillan are the first major international rock act to play there but Ian would like to see other bands follow his lead, so long as they went "with an air of tolerance, to learn something and not to try and revolutionise".

DAVE DICKSON





ONLY TIME WILL TELL



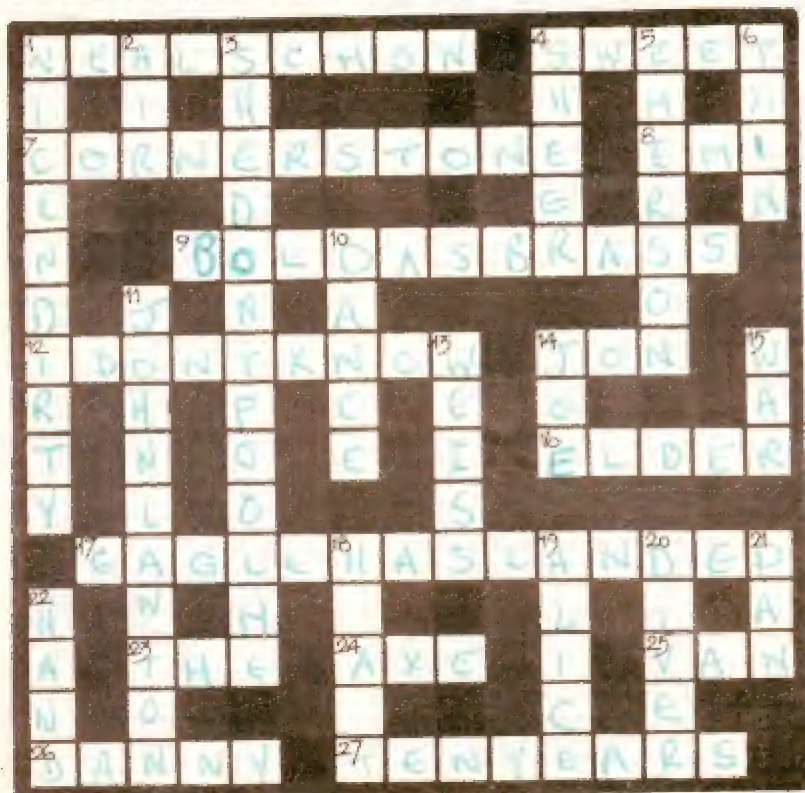
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KERROSWORD! by Sue Buckley



Solution on page 46

ACROSS

- 1 A journey man of rock (4,5)
- 4 Sab's leaf (5)
- 7 What Styx build upon? (11)
- 8 Maiden label hiding in the midden (1,1,1)
- 9 Cheeky Bodine? (4,2,5)
- 12 Ozzy pleading ignorance (1,4,4)
- 14 Lord of HM (3)
- 16 Older than Gene (5)
- 17 see 23
- 23 and 17. A Saxon bird has just arrived (3,5,3,6)
- 24 Schenker was attacked by a man with a mad one (3)
- 25 Transport for Edward and Alex? (3)
- 26 and 13. He was in Iron Butterfly and Rhinoceros (5,5)
- 27 Period for a late sixties band to be 'after' (3,5)

DOWN

- 1 A mucky Rage LP (4,1,5)
- 2 Old force for Ginger (3)
- 3 Quo can't be taken in (3,4,4,2)
- 4 Heart attack for Freddie (5)
- 5 1/3 of ELP (7)
- 6 Phil's Lizzy (4)
- 10 Cozy did it with the devil (5)
- 11 One who was 'eavy and 'umble (4,6)
- 13 see 26
- 14 Hendrix shouted him (3)
- 15 Sab's pigs (3)
- 18 Band with a magazine? (5)
- 19 This Cooper put school out (5)
- 20 25 put one down (5)
- 21 Mr McCafferty (3)
- 22 Clapton's reputed to have a slow one (4)

CRAZY COMP!



'Steel Crazy' brings 10 blistering trax of Metallic Mayhem from the likes of The Rods, Twisted Sister, Anvil and Girlschool. Kerrang! has scooped 25 copies of this piece of molten wax and will offer one each to the first correct answers to the following questions pulled from the sack. The 'Steel Crazies' await: Go to it!

- 1) Praying Mantis, whose 'Running For Tomorrow' track is featured here, have just signed to Jet Records. Name the label on which their first album appeared.
- 2) Who stood between Lautrec and Stampede?
- 3) From which city do the Starfighters originate?

Answers on a postcard to:

Steel Crazy Competition,
PO Box 16,
Harlow,
Essex.

FM 18 and would like to hear from any devoted fans of Ian Gillan, Ozzy, Floyd, Lizzy, Quo, Rainbow etc. Interested in big bikes and cars. Ingunn Helle, Blaabaersvingen 10A, 4620 Vaagsbygd, Kristiansand, Norway.

Alignments on postage and packing: the usual price per alignment rather 2d. each.

INTELLIGENT, WITTY male into
ep, BOC, Floyd, Hawkind, Purple,
ush and Skynyrd. I'm 15 and wear
lasses. I would like anyone to write
me and if they live in the
Manchester area for me to visit.
Photo appreciated. **Simmon Coates,**
Goodington Road, Handforth,
Cheshire.

WANTED, LONG haired
headbanger to write to, I'm a blonde
15 year old female heavy rocker. I'm
into Saxon, Sabbath, Motorhead,
Purple, and other heavy rock/metal.
Must be into denim and leather and
bikes. Any area, central Scotland if
poss. Apache Angel c/o ? Forgiven
Road, Bridge of Allan, Stirling,
Scotland FK9 4BG.



ONLY FEMALE Zep freak would like a few people to write to her. Any age, sex, part of the world, just put pen to paper. Also into chicken, Scorpions etc. Cathie 55, 6 Vesper Court, Forest Town, Mansfield, Notts.

KLASSIFIEDS

PENPALS

ANY HIPPY biker (B'ham) want female passenger, friend? I'm 20. Into Zep, Hawks, Motorhead, Sab, Purple, Hendrix, Free. Please write Box No K64.

TWO LADS (18) require female penpals, must be 15+, into Rush, AC/DC, Triumph, etc. Photos? Box No. K58.

MALE, 21, car owner, seeks girl 16-20 for gigs, etc. Into AC/DC, Priest, Sutton/Notts area. Photo. Box No. K59.

17-YEAR-OLD hrihm freak needs attractive, denim and leather clad female for gigs. Neil McIvor, 30 Mansfield Ct, Bathgate, West Lothian, Scotland.

QUO FREAK, 17, seeks female for gigs, pubs etc, in the Kent area. All letters answered if photo enclosed. Dave Pearce, 173 Plains Ave, Maidstone, Kent.

BLOND 18-year-old BMS owner, seeks femme 18+, looks unimportant, for gigs, in Southern area. Loves Hawkwind, Rainbow, AC/DC, Rush Queen. Box No. K51.

WANTED: GERMAN penpals to help me learn the language. I'm female, 22, into MSG, Scorpions, Magnum, etc. Box No. K52.

GUY, 17, seeks female headbanger of 16+ into Zeppelin, Purple, AC/DC, Motorhead, for gigs, etc. All letters with photo answered. Box No. K53.

PERSONAL

LONG HAIREd, ex-name bands musician, seeks 'Cheetah' type lady for companion, London. Photo please, Box No K63.

MALE, 26, would like to meet girls interested in bikes and heavy rock for friendship and outings. Box No K66.

LONELY MALE biker, seeks female for concerts, camping, touring S.E. England anywhere. Box No K68.

SAXON at BRIGHTON. Want someone local to go with, Ian, 33 Alma Villas, Hastings.

FOR SALE

VARDIS LIVE Posters S.A.E. 350 Fulham Rd. London SW10.

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SPECIAL NOTICES

HENDAS HAPPY 18th birthday. Love you always Julie xxxx "Babe". **KAREN** yours forever **PAUL**. **HAPPY** 18th Birthday Austin from Shirley.

FAN CLUBS

SPIDER, GYPSY FANWAGON, for free newsletters and details send SAE c/o RCA Records, Bedford Ave, London WC1.

HOLOCAUST OFFICIAL fan club details, SAE to Top Coin, PO Box 83, Dundee, Scotland.

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FANZINES

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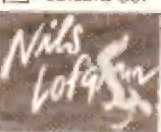
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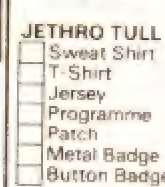
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KILLOWATT

The page
that gets
into gear

Chas De Whalley talks to Rolling Stone Bill Wyman, the

Face on the bass

I ALWAYS find it really embarrassing when people — especially other musicians — come up and ask me about my gear because I'm not at all technical. As far as I'm concerned if it sounds good and feels good then I'll stick with it until somebody shows me something better.

Some years back, it could even have been at Altamont, the bass player from the Grateful Dead, Phil Lesh, started to ask me about my leads and my pick-ups and my amp and speakers and so on. Then he began to tell me about his stereo controls and his special filters and whatever and he was astounded when I told him I wasn't into all of that and it meant next to nothing to me. I can't even tell you now what rig I played through on his last tour. I used to use Ampeg for years but recently they haven't been cutting it, in my opinion, so I had something custom made by an American company whose name I can't even remember. But it's really good. The road crew know all its specifications, but it's got 18 inch speakers which I haven't played through in years. Hardly any body makes them with 18s in any more. I'd been making do with 15 and 12 inchers, but I wasn't really getting the balls I wanted.

"I've always been a bass player who likes to hear lots of bottom in the sound. That big fat round underneath bit. I suppose I picked that up listening to all those early Chess r'n'b records by people like Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley in the early sixties. Willie Dixon played string bass on nearly all of those things and ever since I've gone for that sort of sound whether I've been playing live or in the studio.

"But the first bass player I ever saw was the guy in the Baron Knights, believe it or not, back in about 1961 when they were playing local dances before they had their 'Call Up The Groups' type hits. I was playing rhythm acoustic in a skiffle group at the time and I simply became obsessed with the sound of a bass. Of course, in those days there wasn't the variety of cheap and cheerful instruments that there is now. Music wasn't that big. You either had to buy the best or go without.

"I ended up finding a really awful secondhand bass for £7 which I stripped down and built up again. I changed the body shape using a friend's dad's fretsaw until it looked quite hip, not unlike one of those 1956 Gibson solid-bodied violin basses in fact. But even the amp and speakers I had to build myself because I couldn't afford to buy the real thing. So I suppose I must have started off quite technical and then lost it all over the years.

"I still have that first bass, I played it regularly on record until the middle seventies. I turned it into a fretless trying to get that Willie Dixon sound. And I used to slide it too, like on that old Slim Harpo song 'I'm A King Bee' on our first album. But with a fretless you have to be incredibly accurate. It's fine when you're playing a slow song because then you can really concentrate on getting the notes right on, but otherwise I prefer a regular fretted bass. Too many times you end up having to overdub a track because three or perhaps four notes are out and then you have terrible trouble



Bill: not at all technical.

getting the same feel you had when you played it live.

"That treble tone that The Who's John Entwistle uses has never been up my street. But sometimes in the Stones I have no choice but to put more top and edge on than I really like. What with Charlie playing heavy on the bass drum, Keith playing bass rhythm on his bottom strings and now Woody doing the same — as well as two keyboards players — the sound on stage often becomes too bottom heavy. But for the last few months I've been playing one of those new Steinberg stick basses and it's quite fantastic. It gives me that total edge but it also has that big fat round sound I like to hear so even when I play with a pick I don't really notice the hardness. The audience probably does but all I hear on stage is the bottom end. Except on 'Miss You' where I'm basically playing on my own with Charlie. Then I can hear quite a lot of the treble and it's a little off-putting.

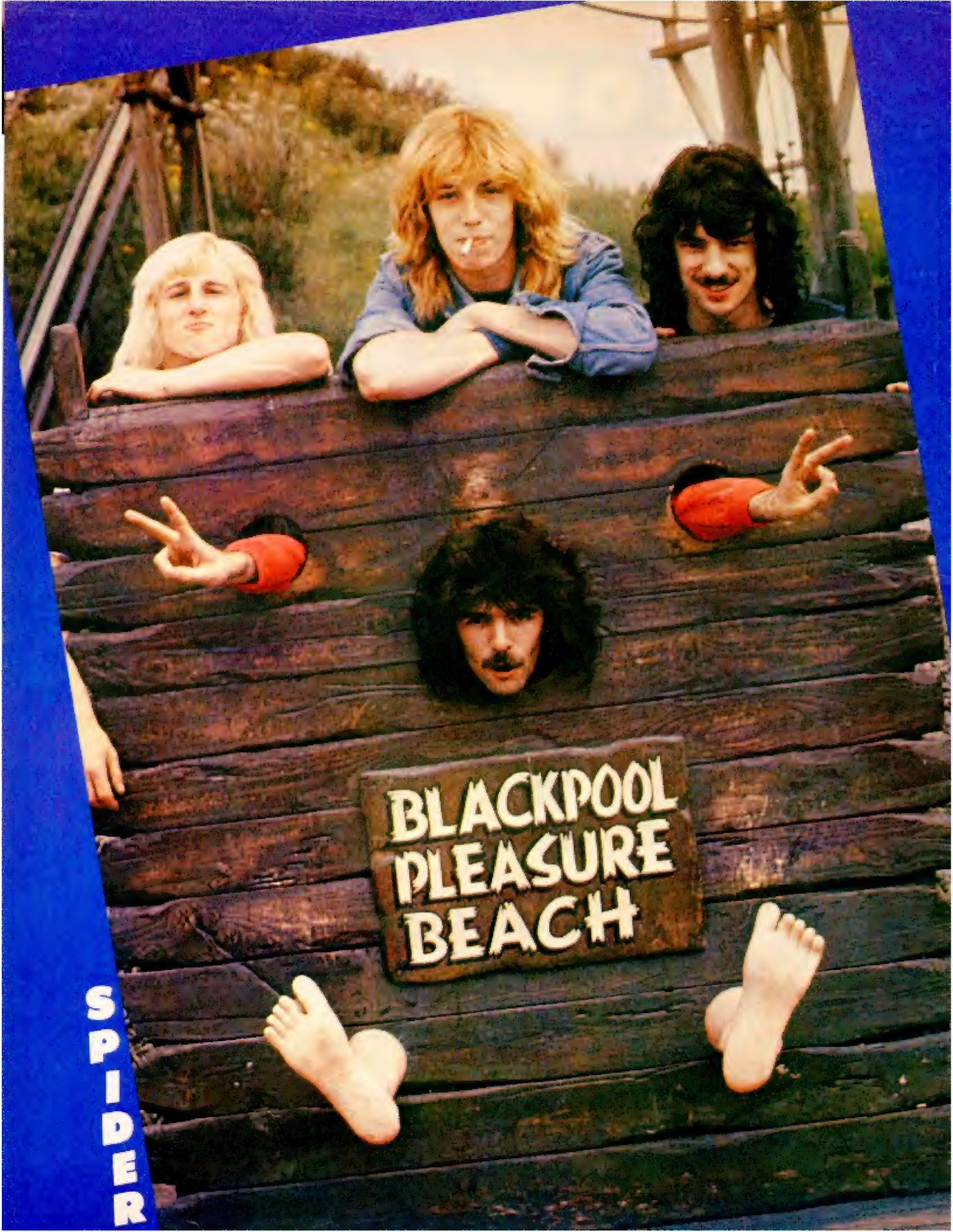
"I was tipped off about the Steinberg in September of last year. People are always sug-

gesting I try a new instrument, the latest Alembic or whatever, but I find they're all too big for me. I'm not a big person, you see, I don't have a long reach and big fingers, so I can't play normal scale basses. I have to have short ones. In fact the reason I always played the bass pointing straight up in the air in the early days wasn't because of our image but because that was the only way my hand could reach the end of the fingerboard. Stretching my arm out horizontally was really exhausting. I was a bit shy as well so I'd use the neck to hide behind and it was good for dodging missiles too, like pennies, bars of chocolate and people's knickers. I can't do that with the Steinberg because there simply isn't enough of it.

"It doesn't look or feel like a bass guitar so it takes a lot of relating to. I really had to psyche myself up to accept it as a real instrument, let alone take it along to rehearsals or a gig. But the clarity and sound of it is unbelievable. Alan Rogan — who looks after Pete Townshend's gear and has been on the road with us — kept egging me on saying 'It's got a great sound, why don't you use it?' But I kept copping out because I couldn't face the idea of walking on stage in my usual, lazy, nonchalant way with this strange apparatus in my hand; this thing which has the strings threaded the wrong way round, no head and no body. Then one night I decided to try it out on what is for me the simplest song in the set 'Beast Of Burden'. Alan passed it to me and it felt weird strapping on this feather-weight thing after my Travis Beam which weighs something like 20 odd pounds. I couldn't come to terms with it at all. My hand kept slipping off the end and everything, so I threw it back at him in disgust. But afterwards he told me that the change it made in the sound of the band was quite phenomenal.

"So I started rehearsing with it for the English tour and the rest of the guys started taking the piss out of me from the word go. Keith kept running over and making like he'd karate chopped the end off and Mick kept saying things like 'Wot you playing that stick for? Ha, ha, ha.' I got fed up and asked the roadcrew if they couldn't make anything to go over the end of it so it would look more like a regular bass — a false head or a fish-tail or even a bowtie with flashing lights. About three days before we finished rehearsing I decided that enough was enough and I started playing my Travis Beam again. Suddenly they were all over me saying 'Why have you changed? That Steinberg thing sounds great. Don't go back now.' So with the jokes all over and done with I was ready to go on stage with it. But the funny thing was on the very first gig off came the J Geils Band after their set and their bass player was wearing one! Nobody told me. Since then it's been great, it hasn't gone out of tune on me once.

"People always seem to think that I collect bass guitars. Just recently I was offered a Fender Precision which used to belong to Jerry Lee Lewis' bass player and was the first ever recorded and the first ever played on TV and so on. But I don't play Fenders so I said 'No'. Entwistle would probably have jumped at it but then he's a collector. I've only got about seven. I tend to give them away. A guy came up to me once and said: 'I've been trying to get hold of a Framus Star bass like you used to play and I can't find one anywhere.' so I gave him mine because I don't use it anymore. Then a couple of years later it suddenly dawned on me that I'd played one of those for years, it was part of my life, and now I didn't have one any more. Luckily I managed to find one during the last American tour. But basically speaking I don't buy Picassos to put on my wall if I don't like them. I'll get a drawing by Fred Brown down the road instead. And it's the same with instruments. It's all a question of usage for me."



BLACKPOOL
PLEASURE
BEACH

SPIDERS

GUITAR HEROES

WHEN DID YOU BEGIN PLAYING GUITAR? When I was 13.
WHY DID YOU START? 'Cause there was nothing else to do!
FIRST TYPE OF GUITAR? Gibson SG.
MUSICAL TRAINING: Piano and violin.
EARLY INFLUENCES: Cream, Black Sabbath, Mountain, The Yardbirds, The Bluesbreakers and BB King.
FIRST PUBLIC PERFORMANCE: At a school dance when I was 13.
FIRST APPEARANCE ON RECORD: The Dictators 'Go Girl Crazy' LP.
RECORDING BANDS: The Dictators, Shakin' Street and Manowar.
OTHER VINYL APPEARANCES: I've worked with various people around New York and I was even on a disco session with an artist from

Mexico once!
EQUIPMENT (LIVE): Marshall 100 watt amps, Gibson Les Paul's and SG's and Stratocasters. I don't use any effects.
STUDIO EQUIPMENT: It tends to vary depending on the sound I want — generally the sound I'm after is KILL!
NUMBER OF GUITARS OWNED: 10.
MOST MEMORABLE SOLO ON RECORD: I've got a lot of favourites: 'Young Fast & Scientific' and 'Disease' with The Dictators, the end of 'Solid As A Rock' (Shakin' Street) and of course the Manowar stuff. 'Metal Daze', 'Battle Hymns', 'Dark Avenger'... they're all classics!
OTHER GUITARISTS YOU ADMIRE: Tony Iommi, Eddie Van Halen in the beginning and early Buck Dharma.

**ROSS
THE
BOSS**
(Manowar)



LETTERS

Say it loud to:
Letters, Kerrang! 40 Longacre, London WC2.

SEVENTEEN YEARS ago my son used to bang his head rhythmically against his cot or pram with such force that he moved it across the room. Sometimes he would do it for as long as half an hour before falling asleep. He made so much noise that he used to disturb the next door neighbours.

He seemed to grow out of it when he was about two years old — but about three years ago he began to move his head in exactly the same rhythm — 'tho now he does not actually bang it against the end of the bed. The noise accompanying it is provided by HM music on the record player.

I wonder if most headbangers were natural 'bangers' when they were babies, so if any headbangers with babies of their own find that the babies respond to HM in this way?

A Kerrang reader's mum.

DEAR BMM (or Best Metal Mag),

As you can tell by the above I am highly impressed with Kerrang! and have all the issues so far. However, there is just one small question as regards to a certain flexi-disc. I was intrigued by .38 Special but then turned over to play the Myofist track. I put my trusty leather jacket on and legged it to my nearest branch of HMV to buy 'Thunder In Rock'. Now they are one of my fave bands.

Now this is where your ace, great, superb mag comes into it. Please please I beg you, print a colour pic of Myofist. If you do, you'll be sure of a customer for all future issues. I wouldn't say no to some Myofist tour news because there is not one song on 'Thunder In Rock' which is not ear-drum splitting and I recommend it to any sensible (or otherwise) headbanger. Myofist is the only thing that cool Kerrang! lacks.

A Myfist fan, 666 Myo Lane, Myohampton, Myoland.

PS. I think I've found Lemmy's singing teacher.

TO ALL Northern Ireland Kerrang! readers. I am interested in who would come out on top if a great many of us here were to vote for best band etc. I'd ask any Northern Ireland readers to write to me with their nominations in the following categories:

Best Band
Top Guitarist
Top Bassist
Top Keyboardist
Top Drummer
Top Vocalist

If the response is good I will compile a top ten in each category and post the result to Kerrang! Write to:

Dave, 8 Delmont Avenue, Bangor, N. Ireland BT20 4TZ.

I'M ONE of the poor sods whom you



Baby banger

write reviews about. Yes, I am a Pink Fairies fan. Surprised? I purchased your mag in the hope of finding a review of the new Pink Fairies album — pity you haven't written one yet! Whilst writing this, I'm wearing a jacket with 'you know who' on the back and my magic mushrooms on toast is delicious man.

So don't knock the fairies man, dig babe? They ain't dead yet, so f—king cut it man. Eat it, 'cause the snake's a comin'.

(Groove, Groove). Esau The Pink.

PS: Keep up the great mag, it's an excellent door mat.

DEAR DAVE Dickson, or is it Elton John by the look of the picture.

What a shit review of the 'Pink Fairies — Live At The Roundhouse' album. He writes 17 lines about Pink Fairies fans and he has never fu—in' seen one let alone met one. The reason is probably chatting up Bucks Fizz fans (of the male species). What does the little shit stand looking at the record for 10 minutes for if it makes him feel nauseous?

As a final note, the reason we've sent this note on bog paper (true! — Ed.) is because it might come in handy for Dave seeing as he talks a load of shit.

From two non-existent Pink Fairies fans from deepest clandestine Morecambe.

HAVING HEARD a clip of 'Eye Of

The Tiger' by Survivor on TOTP roughly six weeks ago, I went and bought it the other day. It surprised me with its remarkable resemblance to American group Journey. When 'Eye Of The Tiger' reached No 1 in America I wasn't shocked for its style is aimed at that market.

I was pleased but also bitter when it entered our charts recently because if a group of this style should have a hit in Britain it should be Journey 'cos they've worked hard to crack this country over the last few years. 'Eye Of The Tiger' is a good single and album but doesn't compare to Journey singles 'Don't Stop Believin', 'Wheel In The Sky', 'The Party's Over' etc and albums like 'Escape' and 'Departure'. If Journey do make it here they will be accused of copying Survivor.

P. Young, Paignton, Devon.

I AM writing to demand an enquiry into how the stupid bitch from Newcastle had her letter printed in Kerrang! No 22. It was absolute nonsense and totally biased.

Referring to MSG, this 'sexist' female had a down on poor Graham Bonnet before he even opened his mouth with MSG. The brainless heffer obviously didn't read Kerrang! No 13 where the tenderness of the situation was spelled out . . . by who else but Lord God Barden himself along with fellow renegade Paul Raymond.

I, and many others would agree that what 'The Schenk' thinks would be good for MSG would indeed be good! If anyone would care to disagree I would recommend a golden roasting of their bulbs on an open fire.

Coco, Clydbank

PS: More pics of Doc Holliday and Baron Rojo.

I AM moved to write in reply to a certain 'Wimbledon FC West Banker'. What the Hell does he mean by 'Gers is Polish . . . nuff said there.'? Could someone tell me what's wrong with Polish people? Perhaps someone knows something I don't, having lived with a Polish person for 22 years (my father) and knowing a few other Polish people who seem to be all right! Answer that shit'ead West Banker.

Stefan Piasecki, Solihull, West Midlands.

PS: Was it Wimbledon who came third in the World Cup?

I'VE NOTED with growing interest the influx of US HM bands whom you are introducing into the highly interesting Kerrang! Groups such as Anvil (admittedly Canadian), Journey and REO are OK as they are very normal looking, so why do you insist on printing photos of supposedly HM groups like Twisted Sister, Manowar and Motley Crue. I fail to see the need for pictures of Dee Snider cluttering up a really worthy mag such as yours. Not that I've got anything against Mr(?) Snider — it's just that I stopped dressing up and using Mummy's make-up when I was about seven years old!

A HM band should dress in denim, leather and studs and as for Manowar, they should be told that 'Conan The Barbarian' has already been filmed! Keep up the good work.

Mick Codeye, Nottingham.

TWISTED SISTER are fu—in' brilliant. Please come to Newcastle quickly.

A 'Ruff Cuts' EP owner, Newcastle.

I AM writing this letter as a complaint against one of the most disastrous nights I've spent in search of musical entertainment. Are you ready (not to Rock, I hasten to add!)? Then I shall begin.

After hearing a few weeks ago that the great Silverwing were doing a handful of London gigs, I rang up Bullet Records (the promoters) to ask at which gig they would be able to use all their effects. I was told to go along to the Rock Garden on August 9 to catch the whole show. Being a little dubious, I checked with the venue to see if they had anything against pyrotechnics (like the boring Marquee) and was told that they don't approve of them! However, I still wanted to go because the effects are just the icing on the cake.

Off I trotted, paid my tube fare of £2 and arrived at the starting time of 7.30 pm, although we were not allowed in until well after eight. The first band came on at about 8.40. They were a cross between Joy Division and early Specials and were unbelievably awful. They simple could not play!

At 9.50 an HM band called 'Spitful Child' came on and they were quite honestly the worst HM band I've even seen (and I've seen quite a few!). They completely summed up all the worst aspects of HM, coming across as a third rate

KERROSWORD! ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Neal Schon, 4 Sweet, 7 Cornerstone, 8 EMI, 9 Bold As Brass, 12 I Don't Know, 14 Jon, 16 Elder, 17 Eagle Has Landed, 23 The, 24 Axe, 25 Van, 26 Danny, 27 Ten Years. DOWN: 1 Nice 'N' Dirty, 2 Air, 3 She Don't Fool Me, 4 Sheer, 5 Emerson, 6 Thin, 10 Dance, 11 John Lawton, 13 Weiss, 14 Joe, 15 War, 18 Heart, 19 Alice, 20 Diver, 21 Dan, 22 Hand.

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FASHION

DOES THIS mean someone is
selling us to have our brains bashed
about?
Pascall, Match and Watson.



SO THIS is what Ritchie plans to
do when he retires!
Jim Kane, Blackpool.

Motorhead, although to be fair the crowd warmed to them. Still, there's no accounting for taste!! By 11.05 Silverwing had still not arrived on stage and so it was, with great reluctance, that I had to leave in order to catch my last tube home.

I'm sure you can imagine how infuriated I was at having wasted £2 on travelling costs and £2 on a ticket to see two of the worst bands I've ever witnessed and the frustration at having to leave before the band I desperately wanted to see came on.

Why oh why do some bands come on stage at ridiculous hours? (God knows what time they did arrive on stage eventually!). In my opinion, the latest that headline bands should come on is about 9.45 pm, because some of us have to get home for work the next day. True, I could have

driven, but have you ever tried to park in London? It's impossible! Perhaps a Kerrang! reader who attended the gig could let me know whether Silverwing did in the end get to use their fabulous flashbombs.
Colin S., South Woodford, London.

A FEW weeks ago I received confirmation that the Sweet Appreciation Society had now folded, surely signalling the end of the band. Unpopular though they are amongst many headbangers — this is more due to the music they have heard and the image past, as anybody who hears such tracks as 'Set Me Free', 'Sweet F.A.', 'Keep It In' and the anthemic 'Windy City' surely cannot deny that this is 'a band with balls' — I'm sure that their

fourteen year history merits a feature or even a discography.

If you were to do either of these (and I'm sure many a reader's heart would be warmed if you did) please don't neglect to review what would appear to be their last album, coming out in Germany imminently (I'm afraid I don't know a title yet!).

I hope this letter finds a sympathetic streak in you, from a person who is very sad at the demise of a great band.

**Andy N., 2 Thornhayes Close,
Frampton Cotterell, Bristol BS17
2BG.**

SINCE YOUR magazine barely manages to acknowledge the existence of German band Accept, I thought it time to ask why these mayhem masters have yet to receive

recognition in Britain.

Few people who saw them with Judas Priest in 1981 took any notice. Those of you who canned them off during their earlier gigs for playing 'Son Of A Bitch' can be really proud of yourselves. Perhaps Kerrang! could stop hyping up bands such as Motley Crue, The Rods and Twisted Sister to such a ridiculous level and start pushing this band.

I wish I could say you're all missing out but I am too. Because of the apathy towards the band in this country they won't return and Accept will no doubt fade into complete obscurity. Still, I guess most of you wouldn't understand 'Free Me Now' or 'Fast As A Shark' anyway. Better like what my friends like, eh?!

Ace, Burgess Hill, West Sussex.

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KLASSIK KUTS Survivor



BOB ELLIS

Eye Of The Tiger

Risin' up — back on the street
Did my time took my chances
Went the distance now I'm back on my feet
Just a man and his will to survive
So many times it happens so fast
You trace your passion for glory
Don't lose your grip on the dreams of the past
You must fight just to keep them alive

Chorus

It's the eye of the tiger, it's the thrill of the fight

Rising up to the challenge of our rival
And the last known survivor stalks his prey in the night
And he's watching us all with the eye of the tiger.

Face to face out in the heat
Hangin' tough stayin' hungry
They stack the odds still we take to the street
For the kill, with the will to survive—

Chorus

Rising 'up straight to the top
Had the guts got the glory
Went the distance now I'm not
gonna stop

Just a man and his will to
survive—

Chorus

Words and music: Jim Peterik and
Frankie Sullivan III

